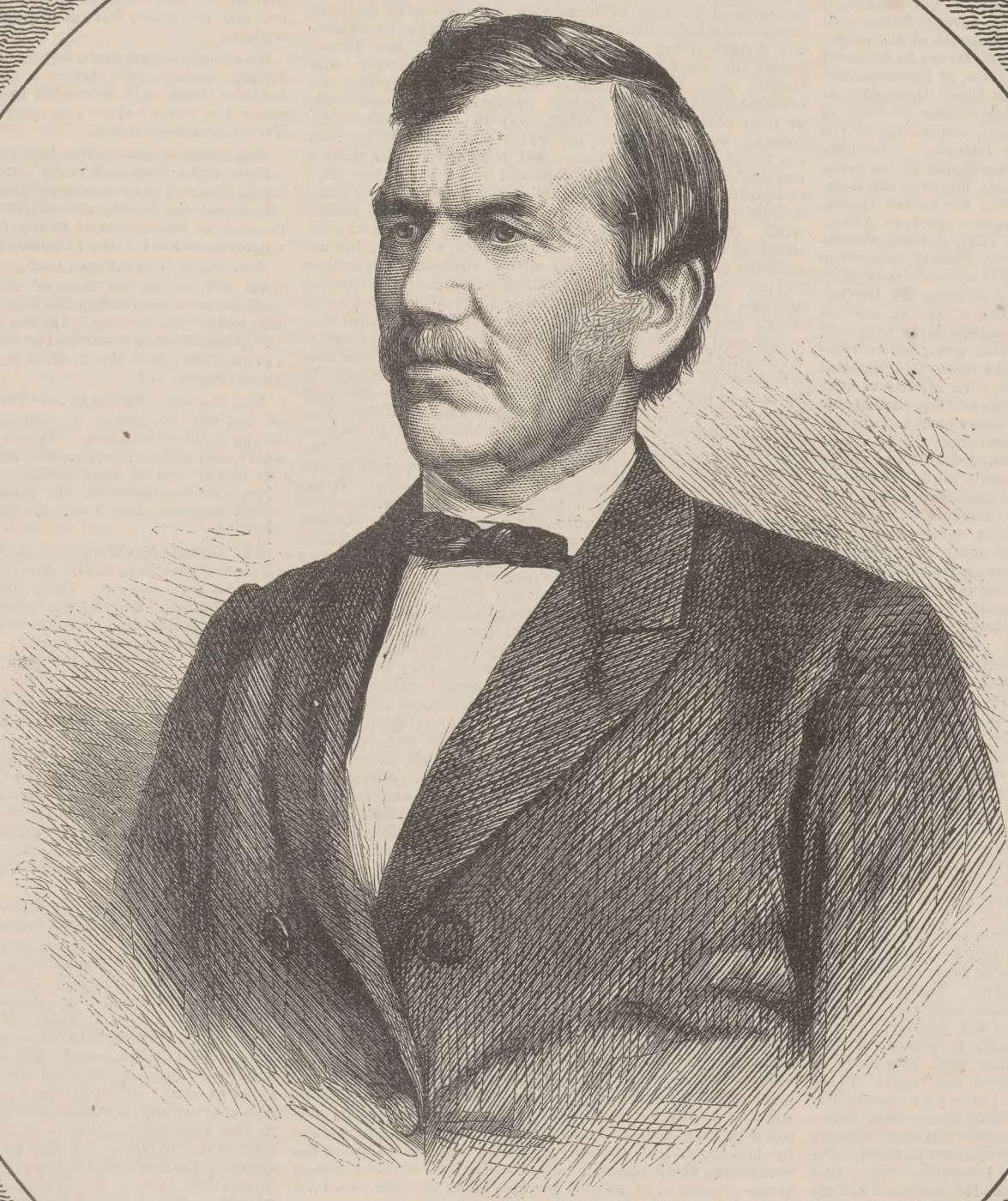


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DR. LIVINGSTONE.

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In connection with our portrait of Mr. Henry Stanley, we give on our first page a portrait of Dr. Livingstone, the discovery of whose whereabouts has conferred lasting glory upon the young explorer of the New York *Herald* staff. Without repeating the history of the meeting between the lost one and his finder—which has become an oft-told tale—we content ourselves with giving the biography of the great explorer, with a brief account of his doings since the start of the expedition in 1866, and his proposed explorations for the next two years.

The Rev. David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, on the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow, about the year 1817. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father keeping a small tea-shop at Hamilton. The son was sent while a youth to earn his livelihood in the cotton mills of Blantyre, and even at that time evinced a deep love for learning. By sheer hard work he was enabled to purchase the means of gratifying his tastes, and to pursue during the winter months his studies at Glasgow, resuming his occupation at the mills during the summer vacation of the classes. In this way he contrived to pick up some acquaintance with the classical writers, and at the age of seventeen could repeat portions of Virgil and Horace. As he grew to manhood he resolved to devote himself to missionary life, cherishing a hope that Africa or China would be the scene of his labours. His wishes in this respect were realized, for after having studied medicine for a few years, and having been admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in 1838, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society for missionary work in Africa, and his offer was accepted. Having been ordained to the pastoral office in 1840, he soon after left England for Port Natal, where he became acquainted with his countryman, the Rev. Robert Moffatt, one of the most active and enterprising of African missionaries, whose daughter he eventually married, and she accompanied him in his travels until her premature death in 1862. From 1840 till his return to England in 1856 he laboured perseveringly as one of the agents of the London Missionary Society at Kuruman, Maodson, and other stations in Southern Africa, and made several expeditions into the interior. He thus became acquainted with the language, habits, and religious notions of several savage tribes, and twice crossed the entire continent, a little south of the tropic of Capricorn, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Atlantic. In May, 1855, the Victoria, or Patron's Gold Medal, was bestowed upon him by the Royal Geographical Society for having "traversed South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lake Ngami to Linganti, and thence to the Western coast, in ten degrees south latitude." In 1855 Dr. Livingstone retraced his steps eastwards, and having again traversed those regions as far as Linganti, followed the Zambesi down to its mouth upon the shore of the Indian Ocean, thus completing the entire journey across Southern Africa. He returned to England at the close of 1856, and was present at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, when the president, Sir R. Murchison, reminded his audience that "they were met together for the purpose of welcoming Dr. Livingstone, on his return home from South Africa, after an absence of sixteen years, during which, whilst endeavouring to spread the blessings of Christianity through lands never before trodden by the foot of any European, he had made geographical discoveries of incalculable importance. In all his various journeys Dr. Livingstone had travelled over no less than 11,000 miles of African territory; and he had come back to England as the pioneer of sound and useful knowledge; for by his astronomical observations he had determined the sites of numerous places, hills, rivers, and lakes, nearly all of which had been hitherto nearly unknown, while he had seized upon every opportunity of describing the physical features, climatology, and geological structure of the countries which he had explored, and had pointed out many new sources of commerce as yet unknown to the scope and the enterprise of the British merchant." In March, 1858, Livingstone returned to Africa, accompanied by a small band of assistants, sent out by Her Majesty's Government. He entered Lake Nyassa, Sept. 2, 1861, and made further explorations. His wife, who had accompanied him in many of his perilous journeys, died of fever at Shupanga, April 27, 1862, and what was termed the Zambesi expedition was recalled in July, 1863. Dr. Livingstone reached London, July 20, 1864, and, after giving interesting particulars respecting his discoveries, and making arrangements for other explorations, again quitted England in April, 1865. Since that time he has remained in Africa, prosecuting his observations and discoveries. Early in 1867 a report reached England to the effect that he had fallen in a skirmish with the natives near Lake Nyassa. This rumour was, however, disproved the following year when news of the traveller was received by the Royal Geographical Society. A similar report of his death was again circulated, if we remember right, the following year, but happily Mr. Stanley has set at rest all doubts of his welfare.

As to the story of the Doctor's movements since his last arrival in Africa, here it is in brief, as told by Livingstone to Stanley:—In March, 1866, he started with twelve Sepoys, nine Johanna men, and seven liberated slaves. He travelled up the Rovuma River. Before they had been gone very long the men became frightened at the nature of the journey, and the reports of hostile tribes up the country they were to pass through. At length they deserted him, and, as a cover to their cowardice in doing so, circulated the report of his death. Livingstone proceeded on his journey in spite of the isolation, and after some difficult marching reached the Chambezi River, which he crossed. He found that this was not the Portuguese Zambezi River, as had been conjectured, but, on the contrary, wholly separate. He traced its course, and found it called, further on, the Lualaba. He continued his explorations along its banks for 700 miles, and has become convinced in consequence that the Chambezi is the true source of the Nile, and that this will make a total length for the mystic river of Africa of 2600 miles. His explorations also establish the fact that the Nile is not supplied by Lake Tanganyika. He reached within 180 miles of the source, and explored the surrounding ground, when, finding himself without supplies, he was obliged to return to Ujiji, and was in a state of destitution there when met by the commander of the *Herald* expedition. On the 16th of October, 1871, the two explorers left Ujiji, and arrived at Unyanyembe toward the end of November, where they passed twenty-eight days together exploring the district. They then returned and spent Christmas together at Ujiji. The *Herald* explorer forwarded this

important and interesting intelligence on the 14th of March, 1872, leaving Livingstone at Unyanyembe. Livingstone will explore the north shore of Tanganyika Lake, and the remaining 180 miles of the Lualaba River. This Herculean task he expects will occupy the next two years.

THEATRICAL ILLUSION.

The illusions of the stage were greatly enhanced by Garrick's Alsatian scene-painter, Philip James de Loutherbourg, a man of genius in his way, and an eminent innovator and reformer in the matter of theatrical decoration. Before his time the scenes had been merely stained "flats" of canvass, extending the whole breadth and height of the stage. He was the first to introduce set scenes and what are technically called "raking pieces." He invented transparent scenes, with representations of moonlight, rising and setting suns, fires, volcanoes, &c., and contrived effects of colour by means of oil screens of various hues placed before the foot and side lights. He was the first to represent a mist by suspending a gauze between the scene and the spectator. For two seasons he held a dioramic exhibition of his own, called the Eidophusikon, at the Patagonian Theatre in Exeter Change, and afterwards at a house in Panton Square. The special attraction of the entertainment was a storm at sea, with the wreck of the Halsewell East Indiaman. No pains were spared to picture the tempest and its most striking effects. The clouds were movable, painted upon a canvas of vast size, and rising diagonally by means of a winding machine. The artist excelled in his treatment of clouds, and, by regulating the action of his windlass, he could direct their movements, now permitting them to rise slowly from the horizon and sail obliquely across the heavens, and now driving them swiftly along according to their supposed density and the power ascribed to the wind. The lightning quivered through transparent places in the sky. The waves, carved in soft wood from the models made in clay, coloured with great skill, and highly varnished to reflect the lightning, rose and fell with irregular action, flinging the foam now here, now there, diminishing in size, and dimming in colour, as they receded from the spectator. "De Loutherbourg's genius," we are informed, was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art, the picturesque of sound. That is to say, he imitated the noise of thunder by shaking one of the lower corners of a large, thin sheet of copper suspended by a chain; the distant firing of signals of distress from the doomed vessel he counterfeited by suddenly striking a large tambourine with a sponge affixed to a whalebone spring, the reverberations of the sponge producing a peculiar echo as from cloud to cloud dying away in the distance. The rushing, washing sound of the waves was simulated by turning round an octagonal pasteboard box, fitted with shelves, and containing small shells, peas and shot; while two discs of tightly-strained silk, suddenly placed together, produced a hollow whistling sound in imitation of loud and fitful gusts of wind. Cylinders, loosely charged with seed and small shot, lifted now at one end now at the other, so as to allow the contents to fall in a pattering stream, effectually reproduced the noise of hail and rain. The moon was formed by a circular aperture cut in a tin box containing a powerful argand lamp, which was placed at the back of the scene, and brought near or removed from the canvas as the luminary was supposed to be shining brightly, or to be obscured by clouds. These contrivances of Mr. De Loutherbourg may now, perhaps, be deemed to be of rather a commonplace description—they have figured so frequently, and in such amplified and amended forms, upon the modern stage; but they were calculated to impress the painter's patrons very considerably; they were then distinctly innovations due to his curiously inventive genius, and the result of much labour and needful ingenuity. If the theatrical entertainments of the present time manifest little progress in histrionic art, there has been, at any rate, marked advance in the matter of scientific illusions and mechanical effects. The thunder of our modern stage storms may no more proceed from mustard-bowls, or from "troughs of wood with stops in them," but it is, at any rate, sufficiently formidable and uproarious, sometimes exciting, indeed, the anxiety of the audience lest it should crush through the roof of the theatre, and visit them boldly in the pit; while for our magnesium or lime-light flashes of lightning, they are beyond anything that "spirit of right Nantz brandy" could effect in the way of lambent flames, have a vividness that equals reality, and, moreover, leaves behind them a pungent and sulphurous odour that may be described as even supernaturally noxious. The stage storm still bursts upon the drama from time to time, the theatre is still visited in due course by its rainy and tempestuous season; and thunder and lightning are, as much as in Addison's time, among the favourite devices of our play-wrights—for sufficient reasons, we no longer designate them poets—"put in practice to fill the minds of an audience with terror." The terror may not be quite of the old kind, but still it does well enough.—*All the Year Round*.

GUSTAVE DORE AT WORK.

Not far away, in the Rue Bayard, day and night works Gustave Doré, now painting, now rapidly sketching in his great sketch-books the designs which are to electrify the world. He is a little man, with dense black hair and ruddy complexion; with healthy chest and sinewy arms; and with a confiding, friendly manner which at once wins every one to him. His jet black moustache shades clear-cut and firm lips, indexes to a character which has always held him above the level of the grosser Parisian temptations. His whole heart and soul are in his work. He has had lights specially prepared in his great rambling studio, so that he may paint when he desires; and at the very moment that his admirers are swallowing their nightcap cup of coffee, and stupidly gazing at the procession of painted beauties along the Boulevard des Italiens, he is sketching vigorously, or pacing up and down in the studio, overmastered by some new conception which he dare not yet confide to paper. Doré has a horror of the French passion for holidays, and once told a friend that his severest trial was on New Year's Day. "It is not the money for the presents," he said, "but the time spent in this insane round of calls, which I give grudgingly." When once you have passed the Cerberus who guards the gate of Doré's Paradise, you will thenceforth have free entrance. But the aforesaid Cerberus is of a decidedly suspicious and hostile turn of mind, and to the many Doré is as inaccessible as was the milliner Worth on one of his "thought-days," when he was devising costumes for the court ladies of the Second Empire.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

The Goderich Races took place on the 18th inst. The rowing races on the St. Charles River take place to-day (Saturday.) Two new scull boats arrived from England last week for Fulton, of the St. John crew. The Woodstock Pleasure Grounds Association is to hold its annual fall meeting on the 28th of September. Lord Dufferin intends to present the Quebec Yacht Club with a silver cup, to be competed for this autumn. Joe Dion gave a billiard exhibition last week at Petrolia, when he made 500 points, while his opponents, numbering four, only scored 200. The Ottawa Turf Club has decided to hold its fall meeting on the 8th and 9th October, at which some \$1,900 will be offered as prizes in money. A cricket match took place on the 19th inst., at Sutton, between the Sutton and Beaverton Clubs, the former winning in one innings with a run to spare. The outrigger race which came off at Quebec on the 20th, was won by the Fitzgerald crew, who came in fifteen lengths ahead, with the Swindle crew second, and the Murray crew last. A cricket match, between eleven picked men of all clubs south of Collingwood and north of Toronto against Collingwood, was played last week, Collingwood winning in one innings and eleven runs to spare. At the Barrie Races on the 18th inst., the trot for horses that never beat three minutes was won by the Canadian horse "J. Ellis" in 2:29—the shortest time on record in Canada, except that made by "Dexter" at Hamilton. The cricket match played last week at New York between the English Club and the St. George's Club resulted in a victory for the former by 141 in one innings. Score: St. George, first innings, 66, second 42—total, 108; English Eleven, 249. A single wicket match was played last week between two members of the Montreal Cricket Club. Mr. M., who went first to the bat, went for six, and his opponent, Mr. B., was run out for three, having slipped and fallen between the wickets. The butchers and grain buyers of London, Ont., have been testing their relative merits at the game of cricket, but the butchers' team only succeeded in scoring 62, in two innings, while the grain buyers surpassed them by scoring 63, with five wickets to go down. The Toronto *Globe* learns that through the active representations of the Toronto Rowing Club, the committee appointed by the Council to arrange a programme of entertainments for His Excellency the Governor-General while in Toronto, have decided to vote a sum of money for the purchase of a silver cup, to be sailed for by all Canadian yachts early in October. The *Court Journal* says:—The great W. G. Grace having gone with an English team of cricketers to Canada, his two brothers seem resolved in his absence to maintain the reputation of the family name. In the match between Gloucestershire and Nottinghamshire last week Mr. G. E. Grace scored 115 (not out), and Mr. E. M. Grace 108—the whole innings amounting to 317. The Toronto *Mail* says:—"Farrands, the English umpire, is anxious to settle in Canada. He has been engaged in the knitting business. He is a good bowler, well up in the game, and a highly respectable man, married, and would bring his family out by next spring, if promised an engagement upon Canadian ground. Mr. Fitzgerald speaks very highly of his character, and is anxious that the experiment should be tried. The athletic sports which took place at Quebec on Saturday under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, proved a great success. Fully 10,000 people were present on the Esplanade. The day was beautifully fine, and the greatest order was maintained throughout the entire proceedings. The one mile race was won by Bowie; Verrault, 2nd; Keraronwe, 3rd. Time, 4:53. The 100 yard race was won by Foy and McLaughlan. Great indignation prevails at the treatment the Canadian cricketers received at Toronto. Up to the close of the playing on Wednesday evening, none of the Canadian and English teams were formally introduced to each other, save, of course, Mr. Pattison, of the *Mail*, on the Canadian team, and though playing together for three days, they conducted themselves towards each other as entire strangers. Hospitalities were also on different occasions extended to the English team to the exclusion of the Canadians. To such an extent has this been carried that a prominent Canadian player left for home in disgust. The Troy *Whig* gives the following account of a novel race which took place recently at Rensselaer Park:—Between 200 and 300 persons assembled at Rensselaer Park yesterday afternoon to witness the race between the steam wagon of C. W. Hermance, of Schuylerville, and a trotting horse. The steam wagon has just been completed at the steam fire engine works of L. Button & Son, of Waterford. Those who expected anything new in principle in this wagon were disappointed. It weighs about 1,300 pounds, and consists simply of an upright boiler and furnace set upon three wheels, the single wheel being in front. Directly over the rear axle-tree are two cylinders playing with a vertical stroke, the shaft being so geared to the axle as to cause it to revolve once for every three strokes of the piston. A change may be made when greater strength and less speed are required so as to give one revolution of the axle to six strokes of the piston. The driving wheels are four feet in diameter, and the cylinders are three and a quarter by seven inches in dimension. William Hardy, of Button's works, guided the wagon by a horizontal wheel similar in construction to that used in steering a vessel. Those who have seen a velocipede will readily understand how this vehicle is steered. In preliminary trials around the course it became evident that the machinery was in bad condition to endure the test of a race, as it was constantly tinkered by the engineer, and in one instance the boiler foamed badly. Before the race the wagon passed over half a mile in one minute and about twenty seconds. After much delay a start was effected, but it was evident at once that the horse was no match for his antagonist, and he was hauled off after one heat, which the wagon made in 2.28.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A biography of

DR. LIVINGSTONE,

and a brief account of his last expedition will be found on the preceding page.

A frequent contributor supplies us this week with a sketch of a

VIEW AT THE MOUTH OF THE SAGUENAY,

which will be familiar, in connection with the white rock in the left centre of the picture, to all who have visited the watering-places of the Lower St. Lawrence. The Saguenay at this point is 1000 feet deep, while the St. Lawrence outside only reaches the depth of 300 feet.

THE VISIT OF THE NORWICH KNIGHTS TEMPLARS TO MONTREAL.

During the early part of last week Montreal was visited by the members of the Columbia Commandery of Knights Templars of Norwich, Conn., who spent two days in visiting the principal sights of the city and neighbourhood. The programme consisted, as usual in such cases, of running the rapids, an inspection of the Fire Brigade, and visits to the Parish Church, the Gesu, Christ Church Cathedral, and other places of interest. In the afternoon the visitors were entertained by His Worship the Mayor; and in the evening the band of the Commandery—an excellent one in every respect—played for a couple of hours in Beaver Hall Square, which was crowded with listeners. On Thursday morning, the 19th, the visitors took their departure for home.

"MORNING."

This fine picture is one of the best efforts of Dietricy, a landscape painter of the Flemish school of the latter part of the last century, of the rules of which Hobbema was the greatest and best exponent. The peculiar style of the painting, which was so much in vogue with our grandfathers, meets with comparatively little favour from the *vulgar* of the present day; its fine points are fully appreciated only by those who have made Art their study as well as their recreation.

WOODSTOCK CAMP.

Our illustration is after a sketch by Mr. E. J. Russell, our correspondent in the Lower Provinces, who visited the camp held last July at Woodstock, N.B., for the purpose of illustrating camp life for the News.

"ONE WIFE" AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL.

"One Wife" is essentially a sensational play, and consequently when it was placed on the boards at the Montreal Theatre Royal, with such an able actress as Miss Charlotte Thompson in the principal character, it proved an immense success. The plot of the play is entirely Frenchy in tone, and is based on the infidelities of a young husband, and the infelicity of the young wife. On another page we illustrate one of the finest scenes in the play, that, in the second act where the injured wife, Mrs. Vandyck, (admirably played by Miss Thompson), orders the woman who is at the bottom of all her sorrow, and the cause of her husband's neglect, to leave the house into which she has shamelessly introduced herself. Of the merits of the play, as well as of the different characters, we had occasion to speak last week.

M. LARMANJAT'S SINGLE RAIL SYSTEM.

Experiments have recently been carried on on the Trocadero, Paris, to test the practicability of a new system of single rail tramway invented by M. Larmanjat. These experiments have, so far, given all the satisfaction that could be desired, and it is confidently expected that the system will be adopted for tramways to run on the principal thoroughfares of the French capital. The following is the description of the system as given by the inventor:—

The locomotive is provided with four wheels, two placed in the centre at each end of the machine, which serve for gripping the track and guiding, and two, used exclusively for purposes of locomotion, placed one at each end. These last are made of rubber, or tired with rubber, and are furnished with spiral springs attached at one end to the axle, and at the other to the nave of the wheel in such a manner as to prevent the engine moving until a certain number of revolutions have been made. These wheels may also be made to press more or less upon the road-way according to the amount of tractive power to be exerted. By the aid of a screw the weight may be thrown at pleasure upon the rail or upon the road. In front of the foremost wheel is a stone-catcher for keeping the track clear. The cars are furnished with wheels in the same manner, with one or two necessary modifications, as the locomotive.

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

Some few years ago a great deal was heard about the "girl of the period." She was sketched in many newspapers and pamphlets, and badly-drawn and cleverly-drawn caricatures of her might have been seen hanging up in numerous shop-windows. She was invariably depicted as the naughtiest, most eccentric, and generally most useless representative of the sisterhood the world had seen for many ages. While it was pointed out that her vices and failings were numerous, it was shown that her virtues were only conspicuous by their absence. The thing was overdone, and thus, though at first the general public were amused, after a time they grew weary of seeing the womanhood of England held up to ridicule, and often to something worse. Justice was at no time done to English girls. The idiosyncrasies of a small minority were accepted as pertaining to the whole class, and nearly all were embraced under the wholesale condemnation. This was a pity, apart from its injustice. Had the section which alone deserved censure been singled out, much good might have been the result; as it was, people who felt that the cap fitted them, disposed of the allegations by alleging that they were the utterances of reckless and thoughtless writers. But, for all that, the condemnation was not, and is not, altogether uncalled for. There existed then, as there exists now, a large and growing class of "fast" young ladies, who might advantageously be checked in their onward careers. They may be encountered without much trouble, for they ostentatiously thrust themselves upon public notice. They have, generally,

plenty of self-confidence, lots of lung power, and a certain amount of personal attractiveness, enhanced by their style of dress which, though "loud" and generally, extremely in-artistic, has charms for men of a certain type. It can be compared to nothing so well as that adopted by the *demi-monde*; indeed, it seems the desire of the "fast" young ladies to imitate the latter in many particulars besides dress, so much so that people may well be excused for occasionally mistaking them for what they are not. They have many accomplishments. Provided they get with a congenial companion, their conversational powers do not fail them. They go galloping on from topic to topic in a merry, devil-may-care fashion. No doubt, were they wise, they would avoid vulgar slang and some of the topics upon which they touch, and refrain from expressing sentiments which do not sound well coming from lovely and presumably innocent maidens. They would be more charitable towards their neighbours, less sparing of hostile criticism upon those who do not affect the same kind of life as they do. Their sisters, who lack such personal attractions as themselves, should not be cuttlingly alluded to; nor young men, of studious habits and steady mien, be dubbed "muffs," and other uncomplimentary epithets—notwithstanding the fact that, in the majority of instances, they may be incorrigible blockheads. No man living likes to hear a woman speak ill of anybody—unless it be a dangerous rival for her favour. All instinctively feel that, from feminine lips, especially when the owners and the lips are alike beautiful, nothing but sugar-plums should fall. Thus, it is far more jarring to hear a woman speaking ill of her neighbour than it is to listen to a man so doing. The "fast" young ladies, then, defeat their own purposes, in being sarcastic at the expense of other less-gifted beings than themselves, in expressing a preference for dubious pleasures, and in sneering at Mrs. Grundy's laws of propriety. But the fact remains that they can talk; which, though talking is reputed to be a purely feminine attribute, is what many young ladies are unable to do except under the most advantageous circumstances. Frequently, they can sing and play fairly, though their style may be, to use a dramatic term, stagey to the last degree. They are, generally, great adepts at croquet, and if they have pretty feet, can show them in the most charming manner, during the progress of this interesting game, to great advantage. They use violet powder, and the various cosmetiques known to ladies, with considerable skill, and manipulate false hair, sufficient, one would almost think, to stock a hairdresser's shop, with marvellous dexterity. A cigarette—may we whisper a cigar—is no stranger to their ruby lips, and, strange to say, does not cause them to betray symptoms of internal uneasiness. They understand betting, and, unlike most gamblers, win a good deal more than they lose. Fortunately, however, their wagers are confined to such trifles as gloves and feminine articles generally. They can frequently ride, row, and indulge in other muscular pursuits. But, perhaps, the accomplishment in which, of all other, they mostly excel, is that of flirtation. You can get up a flirtation with them—if you are an Adonis—a really desperate affair, with little difficulty. Without committing yourself to an engagement, you may squeeze their little hands, encircle their dainty waists and press kisses upon their rosy lips, and it will not follow as a natural consequence that "mamma" is made acquainted with all the circumstances. Nor need you fear that the injured ones will be mortally offended with you. Rest assured, if you can enjoy a bit of fun, so can they; and if you can keep good counsel, so can they. It will thus be evident that "fast" young ladies have many accomplishments.

The *summum bonum* of existence of the "fast" young ladies is to get as much pleasure out of life as possible. That is paramount to duty by a long way. Their chief idea of what pleasure consists in is to secure as much male admiration as possible, and to triumph over many feminine rivals. Hence some of their eccentricities and follies. They have small regard for any one but themselves. They enjoy eating and drinking, and are not ashamed to do either, publicly or privately. Indeed, they rather delight in setting the ordinary usages of society at defiance. Yet they are snobbish and insufferably proud. They would laugh heartily at the idea of love in a cottage, and have no hesitation in roughly squelching the aspirations of humble devotees. They do not profess to believe in sentiment to any very great extent; indeed, they are professedly worldlings. Such girls shine for a few years. The "fast" men of the set in which they move are loud in their praises, and court their society. But they do not marry. They are passed over for less extravagant and quieter creatures. Their admirers argue justly that it would need a millionaire to support them. By-and-by their beauty fades, their vivacity becomes forced, and their admirers few and far between. If they do not elope with the coachman or the footman, they often do what is, perhaps, quite as bad,—become disappointed women. Defend us, then, from "fast" young ladies, and may their numbers become less.—*Liberal Review*.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or infective, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted; and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

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T. MORSON & SON.

OFFICE OF LYMANS, CLARE & Co.,
Wholesale Druggists, Montreal, Jan. 18th, 1872.

JAS. I. FELLOWS, Esq., St. John, N. B.—Dear Sir: We are happy to be able to report the favour with which your Syrup of Hypophosphites is received wherever introduced in Canada. The sales, notwithstanding the high price of the article and the short time it has been before the public, have attained very large proportions. Our own sales during the past year have exceeded Seven Hundred Dozens. We have no hesitation in recommending it to our friends as a preparation of undoubted merit.

Yours very truly,
LYMANS, CLARE & CO.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.

A new Bank, to be called the Bank of Acadia, is to be organized in Nova Scotia.

It is rumoured that the Windsor and Annapolis R.R. is to be sold either to the Government or to the highest private bidder.

The by-law granting a bonus of \$10,000 to aid the Quebec and Ontario Railroad was passed on Saturday week in the township of Dalhousie.

Sir Hugh Allan has, it is said, purchased property in Halifax for half a million, with a view of making it a wharf for his line of steamers calling at that place.

A foundry and manufacturing establishment is to be started in Port Dover. There is some talk of a bonus being granted as an encouragement to the projectors of the same.

The Ottawa *Free Press* says that a rich looking specimen of iron ore has been taken from the "cropping" of a quartz vein, on the farm of a man named Zerbe, residing about 10 miles from Pembroke.

The Town Council of Guelph and the Agricultural Society of the South Riding of the County of Wellington are endeavouring to secure the holding of the next Provincial Exhibition at Guelph.

The Chignecto *Post* says the track has been laid to Greenville, 43 miles from Amherst, also from Folly Bridge. One of the stone abutments of the Folly Bridge is not yet completed, but three of the six spans have been completed; except this work the bridge is all done.

The New York *Shipping List* says that orders have been received in that city for vessels to load coal at Pictou, N.S., for Bombay and other British possessions in the East. If the advance in coal continues in England, stock in the coal mines of the Dominion will soon become unpurchasable.

The *Manitoba* puts the resident population of Winnipeg somewhere in the neighbourhood of 3,000, estimated in the following manner—that the average attendance at the various churches being nearly as follows, say Episcopal Church, 300; Methodist, 250; Presbyterian, 200; R. C., (in town,) 150.

We learn from the Collingwood *Bulletin* that for the last few days the weather has been so unfavourable as to render work on the Georgian Bay canal difficult, and operations are for the present suspended. The canal has now been completed so far as the N. G. R. track, and will be opened probably in about a week.

The road bed of the Galt & Doon Railway has been completed, and is now ready for the ties and rails. The Galt *Reporter* says 17,000 ties will be required for the road, and the Grand Trunk authorities have put gangs of men on the line from Berlin to Doon, in order that just as soon as they can obtain the ties, they may be able to run them by train down the line.

The St. John *Telegraph* understands that the last rail of that portion of the Intercolonial which will unite the Railway system of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, will be laid on the 29th inst. A car will pass over the line on the 5th of October; and the connecting link between Amherst and Truro will be formally opened for traffic two weeks later—October 21st or thereabouts.

The Ottawa *Citizen* says:—"An extensive deposit of moulding clay has been discovered on the farm of Mr. James Mills, near the Swamp Hotel, Fitzroy. Mr. William Burns, sculptor of this city, has a specimen of it in his possession, and he pronounces it the finest moulding clay he has ever seen—far superior to the clay he has heretofore been obliged to import from New York."

Winnipeg is to have a "Canada Pacific Hotel," and is bound to take rank with her sister cities of Ontario and other parts of Canada in hotel accommodation. The building will be commenced almost immediately. The hotel will have a frontage of 90 feet, extending back about 120 feet. It will be three storeys in height, and capable of accommodating 300 guests. There will be two large stores, 80 x 40 feet each, on the first floor, together with sitting-rooms, reading-rooms, and store-rooms belonging to the hotel. The total cost when completed and furnished will be about \$60,000.

One of the surest indications of the returning prosperity of Kingston is the present scarcity of houses to rent. The *Whig* says there is scarcely a vacant house in the city and in but one or two instances are shutters up on places of business. Work in excess of the labour supply is going on, the K. and P. Railway is paying labouring hands \$1.50 a day. While a few short sighted people complain of the increased taxation owing to the city bonus to the Railway. They should bear in mind that increased wages and abundance of steady employment more than counterbalance the present burden of a couple of mills in the dollar in extra taxation.

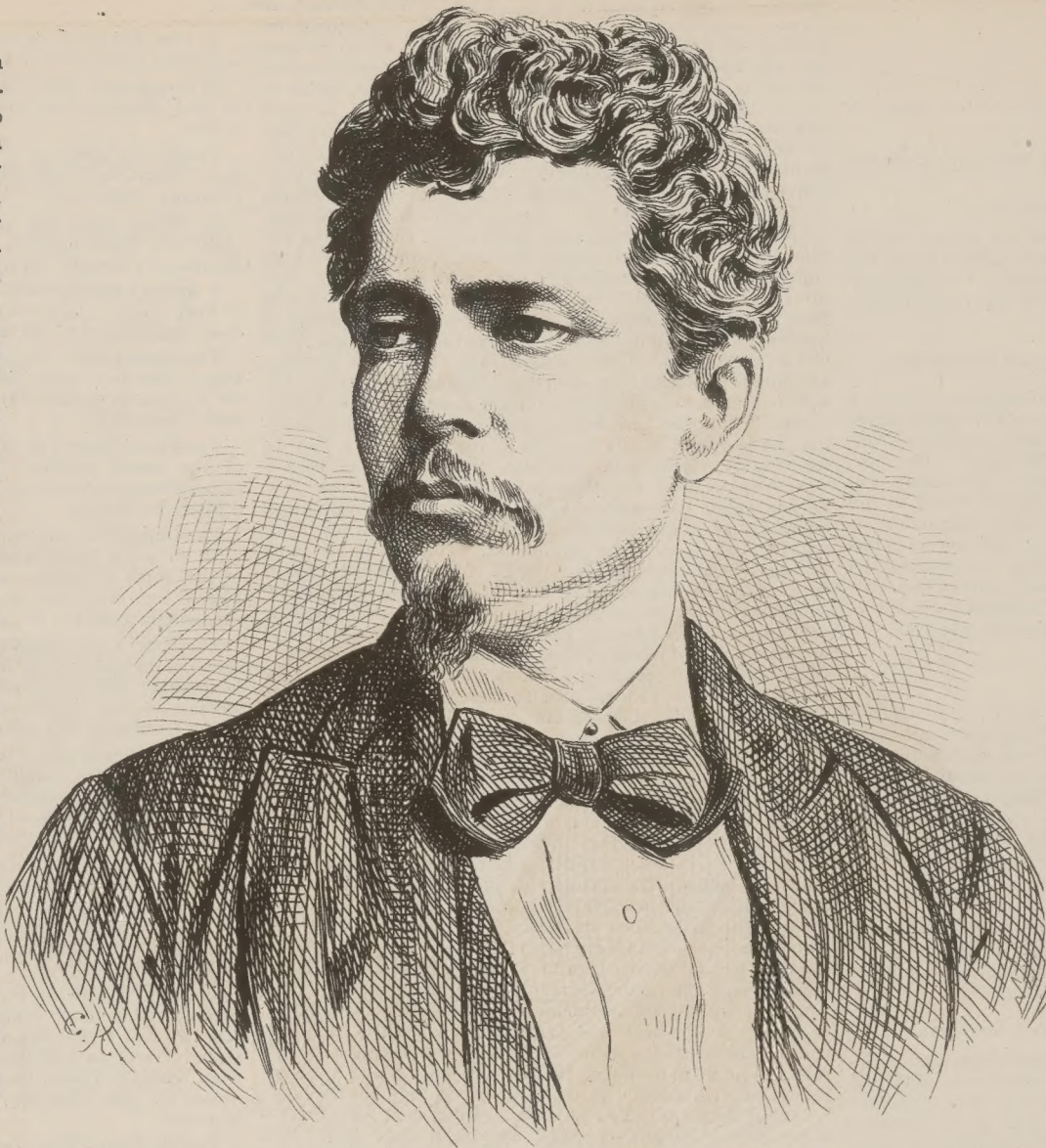
The Canada Central Railroad Company are at present negotiating for the extension of their line to Pembroke at an early date. The branch to Renfrew will be opened on the 15th of next month, a reinforcement of sixty men having been sent from Ottawa this week to ensure the completion of the work by that date. The iron required for the branch was delivered at Sand Point this week. The entry of the first train into Renfrew village will be celebrated by a grand demonstration, preparations for which are already being made. Work is being pushed forward vigorously on the Merricksville branch, and a heavy force of labourers will be employed on it next month.

The Chignecto *Post* says:—"Mr. Keefer, C. E., who recently visited Westmoreland and inspected the various proposed routes of Baie Verte Canal, has since his return to Ottawa presented a report to the Government. In his opinion the work is practicable, and can be constructed for less than \$6,000,000. He suggests some alterations in the Au Lac and Tignish route proposed by Mr. Bailharge, C. E., who conducted the recent survey, and he proposes to use the tidal waters of the Bay of Fundy to supply the waste. The impurities in our tidal waters it is believed can be remedied, but if not they are not more objectionable than the waters in the Welland Canal. We understand that Mr. Keefer's report has been approved of by the Government. The Government has appointed him to resurvey certain portions of the route, with a view to the alterations and improvements, and it is confidently expected he will soon be on the ground with his staff. On his return to Ottawa, working plans will, we learn, be at once prepared, and the contract or contracts let this fall."

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY,
of the New York *Herald*.

The likeness we now produce from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company is the best we have yet seen amongst the many which have been published. Mr. Stanley is a short, active, well knit man, conveying the idea of great muscular spring and energy, swarthy complexion on which the African sun has left its tinge, a somewhat suspicious, tiger-like eye, which becomes in friendly conversation full of good natured fun. On the platform he has a good bold carriage, fluent expression, and sonorous voice. He speaks in short, clear jerky sentences, which convey no suggestion of prior consideration, and his style, which would naturally be humorous and buoyant, becomes quickly sensitive, sarcastic, or cynical, when he observes dissent in his audience.

The writer heard him tell his story at Brighton, in the presence of the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French, the handsome and thoughtful looking Prince Imperial, and some two thousand enthusiastic hero worshippers, but more closely at his elbow some thirty, cynics and critics, and geographers. The impression made upon the writer's mind by his public statements and private conversation, is that Mr. Stanley is a truthful and honourably minded man, who is more disposed to be reticent upon certain unpleasant facts within his knowledge, than to exaggerate his own achievements or to harrow the feelings of those who have failed, by dwelling upon his own success. That he is perfectly astounded at the cold incredulity of the geographers and a certain section of the English press, is obvious enough; but we are disposed to think that he has come out of his moral ordeal with even more credit to himself than that redounds to his single handed and most praiseworthy geographical achievement. Stanley went to Africa to find a man—he found his man—but more—he found a friend and a brother—and his lan-



HENRY M. STANLEY, THE DISCOVERER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

guage now might well be the motto of his knighthood—

"I stand by Livingstone."

Replying to the various incredulities expressed at Brighton by the Geographers, Stanley concludes a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* thus:—

"I think myself that Dr. Livingstone is far happier pursuing the noble course he has taken, than he would be in England exposed to the taunts levelled at him by some of the 'scientists' of the Royal Geographical Society, and such arrogant champions of it as the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. Moreover, I think he has done perfectly right in not exposing his journal, his discoveries, and geographical information to the captious emendations of easy-chair geographers. I know well that I am giving mortal offence to those for whose benefit this letter is written; but I shall not cry *Peccavi*. I stand by Livingstone.

"Yours, &c.,

"HENRY M. STANLEY.

"Aug. 26.

"Post-scriptum.—You are probably not aware that I had two parties in the Royal Geographical Section at Brighton to please, viz., those who, like Mr. Galton, desired nothing but technical geography, and those who, like a friend of mine, also a F.R.G.S., did not care one whit about the unpronounceable names of Central Africa, and only wished a few more incidents connected with their friend, Dr. Livingstone. All honour to those men! They humanized me; for I was beginning to think that the Royal Geographical Society did not care whether he was dead or alive, but only desired to acquire possession of his geographical discoveries. What do you think cared that large body of English men and women who came to hear me read my paper about the 'northern head of Lake Tanganyika,' compared with what they thought I would have to tell them about Livingstone, their countryman? Why did they applaud? Were they thrilled with the geographical facts?

"H. M. S."

The above paragraph gives the correct clue to Stanley's enthusiasm. He is a Livingstoneite. He may be



VIEW OF MOUTH OF THE RIVER SAGUENAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

open to the charge of "hero-worship," but certainly not to that of wilful imposture.

This sentiment also offers the proper key to Stanley's conduct at the Medico-Chirurgical Society's dinner at Brighton, the facts of which have been strangely misrepresented, but are simply these:—Mr. Stanley was the guest of Mr. Cordery Burrows, the Mayor of Brighton, and a medical man. As such, he accepted an invitation to the medical men, with an understanding that he should be permitted to slip away to the theatre for an hour with his host, and that he would return to respond to the toast of "The Visitors." This he did, and in the blandest of humour praised the medical skill of his hero, Dr. Livingstone. Unhappily, whilst Dr. Kirk is a proper M.D., Dr. Livingstone is only a "Medical Missionary,"—hence the "odium medicum."

The chairman remarked that he "regretted that the discovery of Livingstone should be the downfall of Dr. Kirk." The praises of Stanley were received with ridicule and sneers, upon which the "visitor" bowed himself out and pursued his previous engagement to return to London by the next train. The papers next day have a new sensation. "Mr. Stanley takes umbrage and leaves Brighton!"

Mr. Stanley, however, soon reappeared, and made two excellent evening speeches—in one of which he declined to satisfy public curiosity as to whether he was really an American or an Englishman. In reply, however, to a friendly letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, he informs us that he was born in Missouri, and at the age of 19 became correspondent for the *Herald*, that he has led an adventurous life of travel for that journal ever since. He also stated that on his way to find Livingstone, he had first to go and discover the operations of the Suez Canal; secondly to visit the temple of Solomon underground—then to the Dead Sea, then up to Damascus, then to Constantinople, then to the Crimea, then to the Caucasus, then to the Caspian Sea, Persia, Bagdad, the Valley of the Euphrates and



DR. W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, BRIGHTON.

finally to the Mauritius. Thence to Zanzibar where he begins to "study up" the books about Central Africa. This is the man accused by the *Saturday Review* of a want of "geography" and of a "scientific understanding."

Mr. Stanley is yet a young man, and Livingstone has received through him a new lease of life; we venture to prophesy that he will yet welcome him back to old England and stand by Livingstone at some future great meeting of the British Association.
J. B. E.

DR. WM. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S.

Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, the president of the British Association, enjoys the highest possible reputation as a scientist. Through the courtesy of Mr. Mayall, the veteran photographer of Brighton, we are enabled to place before our readers an admirable likeness of this distinguished physician, philosopher and philanthropist taken at Brighton during the late meeting. Himself the son of an amiable and accomplished minister of the Unitarian body he claims fraternal relationship with Miss Mary Carpenter, whose missionary and social labours in India are so exemplary, and with Dr. P. P. Carpenter, of this city, whose exertions on behalf of Sanitary Science and Temperance are so well known to the citizens of Montreal. Dr. Carpenter's works, "The Principles of Physiology" and "The Microscope and its Revelations," are well known to all students of Natural Science and are highly prized for their clear and lucid style as well as for their thorough and exhaustive character. As Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Examiner and Registrar to the London University Dr. Carpenter has long been engaged in Medical Education; and in abstract science he has especially distinguished himself by elucidating the Natural History of the Crustoids and the Foraminifera.

In conjunction with Principal Dawson, of this city, Dr. Carpenter has investigated and established the fossiliferous character of our Laurentide rocks, and described the



MONTREAL.—THE VISIT OF THE NORWICH KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.—THE BAND IN BEAVER HALL SQUARE.

oldest known fossil, "Eozoon Canadense," as well as other gigantic forms of Foraminifera.

During the past few years Dr. Carpenter has been engaged in investigating the climate and character of ocean beds with very remarkable results. Animal life in great variety has been discovered at depths of three miles from the surface of the sea, these animals sustaining a water pressure of three tons to the square inch. Great varieties of temperature are discovered in different sea beds, and a glacial climate, at the deepest sea bottoms, even at the Equator.

So multifarious and important are the discoveries already made, that the British Government has consented to fit out a scientific expedition to circumnavigate the globe, for which purpose H. M. S. "Challenger" will be equipped during the present winter, and undertake a cruise of three or four years, duration.

With so rich an experience Dr. Carpenter's presidential address was looked forward to with a confident anticipation that it would be full of the wonders of the "deep blue sea."

No so, however. Leaving the fields of experimental science the veteran philosopher placed lance in rest, and entered on the higher fields of thought and reason, viz: Man's relation to nature, and the limit of his powers of scientific interpretation. Opening out upon certain rationalistic philosophers of the modern school he says: "I hope to satisfy you that those who set up their own conceptions of the Ordinary Sequence which they discern in the Phenomena of Nature as fixed and determinate laws, by which those phenomena not only are within all human experience, but always have been, and always must be, invariably governed, are really guilty of the intellectual arrogance they condemn in the Systems of the Ancients."

The address is a model of cease and cogent reasoning and appears to have been generally received both by the audience and by the press as a sound and unanswerable piece of logic.

The anticipated treat was not, however, lost by this diversion, for during the week the President delivered a lecture under the simple title of "Chalk," to a public audience of working men in which the wonders of his deep sea explorations were eloquently and clearly set forth.

It is rumoured that Dr. Carpenter has consented to contest the representation of University in Parliament with the Rt. Hon. Chancellor of the Exchange Mr. Lowe.

J. B. E.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 29.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Michael and All Angels. Crystal Palace at Toronto opened, 1858.
MONDAY,	" 30.—St. Jerome. Sir John Michel, Administrator, 1865.
TUESDAY,	Oct. 1.—St. Remigius. Peace of Amiens, 1801. Bishop's College, Lennoxville, opened, 1845.
WEDNESDAY,	" 2.—Jacques Cartier arrived at Hochelaga, 1535. Major Andre executed, 1780.
THURSDAY,	" 3.—Battle of Wurtemberg, 1813. King's College, London, opened, 1831.
FRIDAY,	" 4.—Belgian Independence declared, 1830. Topmost stone of Toronto University laid, 1858.
SATURDAY,	" 5.—First English Bible printed, 1539. Battle of the Thames, 1813.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Sept. 22nd, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M., 2 P. M., 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. of night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Sept. 16	57	86	63	51	30.07	N E	Rain.
17	60	89	68	55	30.01	N E	Rain.
18	60	80	68	55	29.93	S W	Rain.
19	59	87	65	56	29.74	S S E	Rain.
20	57	77	65	53	29.90	S W	Rain.
21	56	68	67	46	30.01	S W	Clear.
22	66	73	77	53	30.04	S W	Cloudy.
MEAN	59.3	80.0	67.4	52.7	29.96		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 31.°; of Humidity, 51.°; of Barometer, 42 inches.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 0.873 inches, equivalent to 19,748 gallons of water per acre.

A NEW NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS,

ENTITLED

"THE NEW MAGDALEN,"

a tale of the Franco-German War, will be commenced in the number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for the 5th of October, and will be continued simultaneously with its production in London.

The Proprietor of the News having secured the exclusive right of its publication in serial form in this country, all parties entreaching on his rights by re-publishing this story, or vending other periodicals containing the same, expose themselves to the penalties provided by Law.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

Once more Montreal has been in imminent danger of being disgraced by a "cemetery expropriation." Measures have been taken to desecrate the old Protestant burying ground on Dorchester Street by removing the remains to the Mount Royal Cemetery, and converting the site into a public garden with a street running through it. It certainly is time that something were done to improve the appearance of the old cemetery, but it appears to us that the improvement might easily be effected without having recourse to the extreme measure of disturbing the dust of the long since dead. For fourteen years past the condition of the Dorchester Street cemetery has been a sore on the fair face of Montreal, and it redounds but little to the credit of those having

relatives buried there that they have allowed the little "God's Acre" to become the ruin it is. Any one who has passed by the ground must have been shocked at the spectacle that met his eyes in a place that should be hallowed for all time, but which, instead of being decently and reverently kept, has been given over as a playground for street Arabs and a grazing ground for stray cattle. It is therefore with much pleasure that we notice the proposal to convert this desolate waste into a pleasant square, but we think this might be done without in any way desecrating the remains of those who lie there.

It has been proposed by some persons to remove the remains to the Mount Royal Cemetery. We do not think anyone who remarked the manner in which the remains were removed from the old Roman Catholic Cemetery would for one moment think of acquiescing in such an arrangement. Not only were the remains treated with the utmost irreverence, but so carelessly was the operation performed that a great part of them went towards grading the public street and fertilizing the front gardens of small city residences. We are in the habit of talking a good deal about our civilization and our Christianity, but in the matter of reverence to the dead it must be confessed we are far worse than many pagans. Let us have no repetition of the sad scenes enacted last year on Cemetery Street. There is, in the first place, no real need for removing the remains. The cemetery stands in no place of great public utility, and there is no necessity for running a road through it. In the second place it would be extremely difficult to effect the removal of the remains. It would be far different if the coffins were entire and could be decorously removed, but in the condition of decay in which the remains must be after lying there for so many years it would be utterly impossible to remove them entire. Again, it should be borne in mind that many persons were interred in this cemetery in great haste, while the cholera was ravaging the city, and it has become impossible to discover their graves. Surely the feelings of those who have relatives there buried—where they know not—are entitled to some consideration. Can one imagine the agony such people must suffer at the bare idea that the remains of their dear lost ones should be irreverently disturbed? Did they but know where their dead lay they could remove them, but failing this they would have to be satisfied with knowing that the dust of their relatives lay intermingled, in one common grave, with the dust of scores of unknown dead. The spirit of Mammon must be indeed great in this city if for the sake of acquiring a small plot of land we are willing to market our fathers' graves.

The difficulty, over which there have been many words spent, might be easily avoided by properly enclosing and beautifying the old cemetery. Without in any way desecrating the dust of those who have lain there for these long years it might be converted into a little square, laid out with walks and planted with trees. The monuments would remain, and new ones would probably be added, and the square itself would stand as an enduring contradiction of the reproach to which Montreal has already been too often laid open.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE BIJOU THEATRE.—We are glad to be able to record a marked improvement in the performances at this pretty little theatre. The manager has exhibited great enterprise in his undertaking, and deserves steady support from those for whom he is doing his utmost to cater.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Marian Mordaunt was the star last week and played in two protean pieces called "Darling" and "Hearts are Trumps" to very moderate audiences. On Monday of this week Miss Kate Fisher commenced a week's engagement, playing "Mazeppa" to the largest audience of the season. On Monday next Mr. J. W. Wallack will appear as Mathias in the new drama of "The Bells." This will close the regular season, the company going to New Orleans. On the 1st December the Holmans open the theatre for a season of three months.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.—The play of "Divorce" has been well received here, as the crowded houses amply testify. The piece is well mounted, the scenery especially, which reflects great credit on Mr. Waugh. Mr. G. R. Garrison as "Templeton Jitt," (his first appearance in Toronto) is nightly received with applause. Mr. Tannehill as "Alfred Adrianse" is fair. Mr. Hudson as "Burritt, the Detective," has a good conception of his character, and Mr. Spackman as "De Wolfe De Witt," plays with his usual ability. The other characters are all fairly sustained by the company, and the play runs smoothly to the end. The orchestra is very good, and every night perform some first-class selections in a very able manner. "Divorce" will be continued until further notice.

MDLLE. ROSA D'ERINA.—This charming young cantatrice has commenced her tour through the Upper Provinces—a tour which we are sure will be productive of much real pleasure to all true lovers of the Art Divine, and which we may venture to predict will be one series of successes for the artiste. On Monday and Tuesday last Mdle. Rosa d'Erina gave soirées

musicales at the St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, when she treated her audiences to some charming selections illustrating the Music of Many Lands. The task she had set before herself was no easy one, for it embraced songs in four different languages and in every style from the grand, soul-stirring music of Mendelssohn and Cherubini to the lively Irish ballads of Lover, yet the singer accomplished it with such apparent ease, and in such an artless, unaffected manner as to call down repeatedly the redoubled applause of the audience. This is one of the great attractions possessed by the Irish prima donna that she is perfectly at home with her audience; she never exhibits anything like professional airs, and is so thoroughly natural during the whole of her performance as to establish a perfectly good understanding between herself and her hearers. Of her singing it is enough to say it is beyond praise. She possesses the real soul of music, her voice is remarkably clear and pleasant, and her versatility is something marvellous. Her musical evenings are real treats which no musical epicure ought to miss. Of her performances in Montreal this week it would require more space than we are able to afford to speak at any length, but we cannot refrain from mentioning one or two of her selections as being remarkably good where all was good. Her rendition of Cherubini's sublime "Ave Maria" was in every way worthy of the grand music, while in Wallace's "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer," the exquisite modulations of her voice came into full play. The Spanish Ballad, "La Rosa Espanola," was a perfect gem, and the Spanish Hunting Song inimitable. In her Irish songs Mdle. Rosa was perfection. Moore's beautiful "Meeting of the Waters," as sung by her, was one of the most beautifully perfect melodies ever listened to by a Montreal audience. As a pianist Rosa d'Erina is wonderful; the rippling notes she conjured out of the instrument the other night actually startled the audience.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE, As Told To My Child. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 16mo. pp. 139. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

LITTLE FOLK LIFE. By Gail Hamilton. pp. 219. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Really good books for the young—books that combine instruction with amusement—are sufficiently rare in these days. Those who attempt to write for the young—and they are many, for "What is easier than to write for children?" is a too common idea—generally fall into one of the two man-traps that lie open on the road of the children's chronicler. They either write in a hard, dry, unattractive style, cramming their discourse with what Mark Twain calls "petrified facts," or in attempting to avoid this strong style they fall into the very opposite—a swamp of absolute silliness. The two books before us are exceptions to the general rule. They belong to a class of healthy writing which—and for this we cannot be too thankful—has been inaugurated by writers of a high class, such as Miss Alcott, Miss Mulock, and Gail Hamilton. Both of these works, though possessing an entirely different imprint, possess the same qualities in common, freshness, brightness, and an attractiveness which cannot fail to please young readers. "The Adventures of a Brownie" is, of course, essentially an English story; "Little Folk Life" is American, written in a style resembling that of "Little Men," though we do not think it deserves to be ranked quite as high as Miss Alcott's sparkling production. Miss Mulock relates in plain, homely language the adventures of a Devonshire "brownie" in a farm-house, and in good sooth the sprite's tricks are amusing enough to take the fancy of any little one. "Little Folk Life" gives sketches of the daily life of country scholars in the States—events of no intrinsic importance, but so clad in taking language as to be quite interesting. Both books are attractively got up in gold and colours, and the "Adventures" contain some capital illustrations by Pinwel. For presents to children these little works are unsurpassed.

THE MAID OF SKER. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore, Author of "Cradock Nowell," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Were all books—in their respective classes—of as high a standard as this the reviewer's task would be an easy one. "The Maid of Sker" is a novel of real worth—a book among a thousand. On taking it up the reader may expect something out of the ordinary way, for it bears the sterling mark of Blackwood's Magazine in which it has been running for some time past. On perusing it, however, he will be obliged to confess that his highest expectations did not reach the true standard of the work. For absorbing interest, piquant language, and beauties of description, it is unsurpassed by any book of its kind. The scene of the story is laid mainly on the Glamorganshire and Devonshire coasts of the Bristol Channel. The narrator is an old Welch fisherman, once a sailor in His Majesty's fleet—for the events narrated occurred some ninety years ago; a sharp, pleasantly conceited old fellow whose Cymric idiom gives an indescribable charm to his story, and who is himself a perfect study. Some of his descriptions are wonderfully real, and his quaint, dry humour, with which the whole book is tinged, is irresistible. In more than one point the book reminds one of some of Fielding's best. Much of the story is historical, for the old fisherman gets tired of his trade—or rather, perhaps, is driven from it by the number of warrants out against him—and so he ships once more, and after many scrapes turns up master of H. M. ship "Goliath," 74, at the battle of the Nile, which he describes, as one would suppose, as only an eye-witness could describe that great action. Not the least feature of the book is its originality, both in the language used and the characters brought on the stage. The Welch warren, Black Evan, the little "Maid of Sker," with her pretty prattle and taking ways, the two ungodly parsons, the colony of wild men, the hypocritical Hezekiah, are as utterly unlike the stereotyped novel characters, as Old Davy's vigorous English is unlike the stereotyped novel conversational talk. "The Maid of Sker" is in every way a first-class novel and deserves to be extensively read.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Happy people in Oregon! They know not what the servant-girl nuisance is. The market for maids of all work in that quarter of the globe is bountifully supplied by a beneficent and enterprising Scotchman at Dundee. Nor is this all. The lassies sent out have given so much satisfaction to their employers, and added so considerably to the income of the agent that he has thought it wise to incur the expense of visiting Oregon himself, with a view to supplying its needs on a more extended scale. It might be worth while for some of our servant-ridden housekeepers to open negotiations with this Dundee agent, and direct his attention to Canada as a suitable field for his benevolent and money-making operations.

One Sergeant Bates, says an exchange, "who earns his living by carrying the American flag on a nine-foot pole, proposes to do so once more, this time in England. Three years ago he carried the flag through the Southern States without insult or injury, and was so delighted by his tremendous achievement that he is now about starting on a wager to carry the flag of the United States in the day-time and on foot, said flag to be of a large size, and to be displayed from a nine-foot flag staff, from the dividing line between Scotland and England to the Mayor's Hall in the city of London, without molestation or insult to himself or the flag." So long as Sergeant Bates conducts himself as a harmless lunatic, there is not much fear of his being molested in his wonderful achievement, unless perhaps by some brother lunatic who is not harmless.

We are glad to see that one of the *dii majores* of English society has set his face against a custom which, although very harmless, if not praise-worthy in its origin, has developed into an intolerable nuisance. The particular *deus* in question who has opposed the pernicious frequency of this practice is the Earl of Essex. His lordship is owner of Cashobury Park, in Hertfordshire, which he has thrown open to the inhabitants of the surrounding parishes. This considerate act suggested the getting-up of a testimonial in consideration of the kindness, &c., but the scheme was nipped in the bud by the Earl, who holds, and is not ashamed of holding, the opinion that the practice of getting up a testimonial to anyone simply because he has conducted himself decently is a positive nuisance, and is calculated to lead to the inference that doing one's duty is of such rare occurrence that it requires a reward.

When will the ridiculous hatred for everything German at present nursed by the French people at large come to an end? No one, of course, expects Frenchmen exactly to love their Teuton neighbours. But we should feel a little more esteem, perhaps a little more sympathy, for them if they showed their hatred in a less childish manner. The last bit of this Gallic spite is displayed by the *Gaulois*, which states that Madame Nilsson-Bouzeaud, having acquired French nationality by her marriage, has resolved not to sing in Germany. Why did not the *Gaulois* make one bite of the cherry and state that in consequence of the nationality already mentioned and the national sympathies therewith acquired, the *prima donna* had refused to sing music composed by such Prussian scum as Mozart and Meyerbeer, or to appear in any character created by a German brain—such as Marguerite, for example?

A new feature of some real practical worth is to be introduced in the Exhibition to be held at Vienna next year. The novelty will consist in a group of dwelling-houses, the arrangement connected with which will, it is hoped, solve one of the most important questions of social science of the day. The object of the houses will not be to exhibit a collection of ethnographical objects, neither will it be to show how most of the private dwelling-houses are built and arranged in different countries; but to exemplify how the private dwelling-houses can and ought to be built, in order best to fulfil its purpose, taking into consideration the climate, local circumstances, and mode of life of the different people, as well as their wants and habits. Among the objects in this section will be iron built houses, also transportable houses of many sizes and shapes, and in all the classes special attention will be given to the habitations for the labouring population.

If the strong-minded women of this continent would but make themselves as useful—and in the same quiet, unostentatious manner—as their medical sisters in England, they would do their cause, and themselves, more good in a month than they can ever expect to do in a quarter of a century. According to the *Queen*—par excellence the English lady's newspaper—the medical women in London have recently opened an hospital for women in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, in the same house where Miss Garrett, now Mrs. Anderson, M.D., so long had a dispensary for women and children. The dispensary is carried on as usual; indeed, the numbers had so much increased that Miss Morgan, who gained her M.D. at Zurich, has been for some time associated with Mrs. Anderson in the work. They have now, with the aid of an excellent committee, fitted up the small house to contain ten beds. The best means have been used to secure the most perfect ventilation, abundance of air and water, and freedom from all offensive smells. The wards, three in number, are furnished with some regard to taste; the wood is pine, stained and varnished. Each patient has a locker, in appearance like a small cabinet, and furnished with a lock and key; a great advantage, and one seldom met with. The beds are excellent; they are wider than usual, and many of them have an improved spring bottom, resembling a water-bed in its ease and elasticity; it is made of woven steel wire, resembling the old chain armour; it is light, and secures perfect ventilation to the mattress. The numbers not being more than that of an ordinary family, the arrangements enable them to live like one. We hear that several rather important operations have been performed by the ladies. They have a consulting staff of eminent professional men, who approve of their work, and whose judgment they can consult in critical cases. This charity is very small at present; but the wealthy women of England will, no doubt, help the brave women who have started this the first hospital for women with women for its doctors.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

Eighteen horses were burned at a fire at Brockville last week.

Large numbers of immigrants are settling in the Ottawa valley.

A grand Temperance Demonstration was held at Toronto on the 18th inst.

A movement is on foot at Halifax for the importation of Chinese as domestic servants.

Arrangements are now being made to place Pullman Cars on the Intercolonial Railroad.

It is reported from Halifax that the Government House is to be sold and will be converted into an hotel.

An American barque cleared at Pictou last week with the first cargo of coal ever shipped to the East Indies.

The twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Province of Ontario opened on Monday at Hamilton. The show is said to be beyond the average.

Shipbuilding is thriving at Halifax. Several New York capitalists have given orders for vessels to be built at the western ports of Nova Scotia.

H. E. the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin left Quebec on Monday afternoon en route to Toronto and Hamilton. They met with enthusiastic receptions all along the road.

An industrial exhibition, the first ever held in Newfoundland, was opened at St Johns on the 11th inst., by Governor Hall, and is represented to be a very creditable affair. It was projected by the Rev. Mr. Belwood, who obtained an influential committee to assist him in carrying it out.

The Harbour Grace *Star* says for several days past a rumour has been in circulation to the effect that a most atrocious murder has been committed at the White Bear Islands, Labrador. It is reported that the High Constable and several police are to be sent to Labrador to investigate the matter.

Complete returns of the elections in Manitoba show that Schultz has been elected for Lisgar by 141 majority; Cunningham for Marquette by 284 majority; and D. A. Smith for Selkirk by a majority of 196. The other constituency, Provencher, had previously elected Sir George Cartier unanimously.

UNITED STATES.

Advices from Denver, Col., announce a Sioux raid.

An infectious cattle-disease has broken out in Nevada.

Garrett Davis, the veteran Senator from Kentucky, is dead. Murders are becoming of frequent occurrence on the Texan frontier.

Six hundred Mormon immigrants arrived in New York last week by the "Minnesota."

The rumours of the interruption of the Wheeler expedition by hostile Indians are without foundation.

A fire at Grand Rapids, Mich., last week, destroyed the National Hotel. Loss, \$30,000; insurance \$14,000.

The corner stone of the monument to be erected in Chicago in commemoration of the fire will be laid on the 8th inst.

It is said that Forrester has been recognized as the man who ran from Nathan's house on the morning of the murder.

The defalcation in the U. S. Treasury is estimated at \$185,000. J. J. Johnston, head of the Stamp Division, is the guilty party.

The representatives of the Cuban Junta in New York are arranging for a loan of \$20,000 for the purchase of arms and supplies.

An explosion took place in New York Bay on Saturday, on board the tug "Passaco," of Newport. Three men were badly scalded and mangled.

The Italians in New York celebrated on Friday last the occupation of Rome by a festival in the East River Park, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Mazzini Monument Fund.

A steam canal boat arrived in New York on Sunday from Buffalo, with a full freight, in five days less time than by the usual horse traction. She is the first of the kind, and will inaugurate a new era in canal navigation.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Snow fell at Sheffield on Sunday.

The eldest brother of the Pope is dead.

Another revolution has broken out in Bolivia.

Mrs. Scott Siddons sailed last Friday for New York.

There was frost in some parts of England last Friday night.

The Grand Duke Alexis arrived at Hong-Kong early last week.

Leading English jurists are advocating the codification of the laws.

More bloody work at Satory. Three more Communists were shot on the 18th.

A new ocean cable is to be laid between Brazil and the Portuguese coast.

An immediate decline in the price of coal in London is confidently expected.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the celebrated Baptist minister, was taken suddenly ill last week.

Fifty children in charge of Miss Rye sailed from Liverpool on Thursday, in the "Samartian."

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope announce a robbery of diamonds to the value of £30,000.

The English newspapers are filled with complaints from steerage passengers across the Atlantic.

Russia, through her Ambassador, has given expression of the most amicable feelings towards France.

Cholera has been raging with great violence in Bokhara. Deaths occurred at the rate of over 1,000 a day.

Tuesday week was the anniversary of Mexican independence and was duly celebrated throughout the country.

King Charles XV., of Sweden, died on the 18th inst., in the 47th year of his age, and the 13th of his reign.

The Cunard steamship "China" broke down the other day en route to New York, and had to put back to Liverpool.

The anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops was celebrated on Friday last with great enthusiasm.

American citizens resident in Paris are preparing to give a grand banquet to the representatives of the United States at Geneva.

On Monday the French Government paid Germany 57,000,000 francs, completing the first half milliard of the war indemnity.

Eight hundred and eighty Communists, condemned to transportation for life, were embarked last week for New Caledonia.

Livingstone has again been heard from. He is still at Unyanyembe, and is awaiting the arrival of Stanley's second expedition.

During a thunder storm near Rochdale, Lancashire, last week, several persons were killed. The crops suffered considerable damage.

Edmond About, who was arrested by the Germans a short while ago for preaching French nationalism in Alsace, has been set at liberty.

The German Government has issued a second circular, more threatening than the first, against emigrants, who, it declares, will be regarded as outlaws.

A serious accident occurred last week in the railway between Barcelona and Girona, resulting from a collision between two passenger trains. Several lives were lost.

The Internationals of Europe are, it is said, to hold another universal congress, as the one recently held at the Hague has caused great dissatisfaction among the members.

In the Cortes last week Senor Zorilla declared that he would abolish the system of military conscription in Spain, and introduce a bill for the reorganization of the army.

Carlism outrages are of such frequent occurrence on the line between Saragossa and Barcelona that the engine drivers have refused to work. No trains are running in consequence.

A meeting was held at Dublin last week at which steps were taken for the formation of an organization to afford material help for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope.

It is reported that the Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Her Majesty, is betrothed to the Marquis of Stafford. The ages of the pair are respectively 16 and 22.

The London Labour League has adopted resolutions approving of the award of the Geneva Tribunal as binding England and America together, and promoting advancement, industry and civilization.

The Congress of the Old Catholics opened on the 19th. Among those present were the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, and Winchester, of the Church of England, and the Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, U. S.

The Internationalists have issued a programme in favour of universal suffrage, the ballot, compulsory and gratuitous education, abolition of standing armies, and the income tax instead of indirect taxation.

There is a split among the Internationalists. At a meeting of the Society held last week in London the majority of the members present were in favour of a complete secession from the Karl Marx section of the Society.

The London Congress of Internationalists closed on the 19th inst. Previous to adjournment resolutions were passed condemning the proceedings of the recent Congress at Hague, as tending to the disruption of the order.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. G., St. John, N.B.—Your solution of Problem No. 60 received, correct.

F. P. B., Kingston, Ont.—Your two original problems are under consideration. Solutions to Problem No. 60, correct.

A "skirmish" between two amateurs in Quebec city.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

White, Attack.	Black, Defence.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd	K. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. Kt. takes P.	P. to Q. 3rd
4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd	Kt. takes P.
5. P. to Q. 3rd	Kt. to K. B. 3rd
6. P. to Q. 4th	B. to K. 2nd
7. B. to Q. 3rd	Castles.
8. Castles.	B. to K. 3rd
9. P. to K. R. 3rd (a)	P. to Q. B. 4th
10. P. takes P.	P. takes P.
11. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd	P. to Q. B. 5th
12. B. to K. 4th	Kt. takes B.
13. Q. takes Q.	B. takes Q. (b)
14. Kt. takes Kt.	B. to Q. 4th
15. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd	B. takes Kt.
16. P. takes B.	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
17. B. to K. 3rd	R. to K. sq. (c)
18. P. to Q. R. 3rd	R. to K. 4th
19. P. to K. B. 4th	B. to K. R. 4th
20. K. to R. 2nd	B. to K. B. 3rd
21. Q. R. to Q. sq.	B. takes Kt.
22. P. takes B.	P. to K. R. 3rd
23. R. to Q. 7th	R. to Kt. sq.
24. K. R. to K. Kt. sq.	P. to Q. Kt. 4th
25. K. R. to Q. Kt. sq.	P. to Q. R. 3rd
26. Q. R. to Q. B. 7th	Kt. to Q. sq.
27. Q. R. to K. 7th	P. to K. B. 4th
28. K. R. to K. Kt. sq. (d)	Kt. to K. B. 2nd
29. Q. R. takes P.	Kt. to Kt. 4th (f)
30. Q. R. to Kt. 6th (e)	K. takes R.
31. P. takes Kt. (g)	
32. P. takes P. dis. ch.	

The attack finally won.

- (a) P. to Q. B. 4th seems better.
- (b) R. takes Q. would have been less cramping to his own game.
- (c) Kt. to K. 4th would also have been a promising line of play.
- (d) White would have obtained a stronger game by continuing his attack on the Queen's side.
- (e) Not foreseeing apparently the coup which follows, winning the exchange.
- (f) This neat retort should have won, we think, with proper care in the ending.
- (g) Forced; for Black threatens also Kt. to B. 6th ch., &c.—R. takes P. ch. would not have been so strong for White.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 60.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd	K. moves.
2. Q. to K. B. 7th	K. to Q. 3rd or 5th
3. Q. to K. B. 6th, mate.	
1. B. to Q. 7th	or:
2. Q. to K. 3rd ch.	K. to K. 5th (best.)
3. Q. to K. 3rd, mate	K. to Q. 4th



FROM A PAINTING BY C. W. E. DITRICH.



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 28TH SEPTEMBER, 1872.

RNING.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

An iron church has lately been completed in Brooklyn, N. Y., having seats for 3,000 persons. It is said to be an elegant structure.

The availability of corn-cobs as a source of supply for potash has been suggested. It is estimated that nearly 52,000 tons of carbonate of potassa may be annually obtained from this source, to say nothing of a considerable quantity of chloride of potassium.

The ozone baths at Ramsgate are a great attraction to invalids this summer, and those who have tried them speak highly of their strengthening properties. An ozone bath is boiled seaweed, kept warm, in which the bather sits, with seaweed up to his chin. It is said also to improve and soften the skin and complexion, but that is a matter for individual opinion. It is an exceedingly pleasant bath, and people indulge in it who have not even a pretence of being in delicate health.

The practice of dentistry can hardly be included in the modern arts; for as early as 500 B.C., gold was used for filling teeth, and gold wire was employed to hold artificial teeth in position, and does not seem then to have been a new art. A fragment of the tenth of the Roman tables, 450 B.C., has reference to the burial of any gold with the dead except that bound around the teeth. Herodotus declares that the Egyptians had a knowledge of the diseases of the teeth and their treatment, 2,000 B.C. In Martial, Cassellus is mentioned as either filling or extracting teeth; but he specified that he would not polish false teeth with tooth powder. Lucian mentions an old maid that had but four teeth, and they were fastened in with gold. These facts cover a period of 600 years.

BULLOCK'S BLOOD AS A MEDICINE.—In the practices of medicine, as in other worldly matters, certain things are in fashion for a certain time. Bleeding and mercury have had their day; cod liver oil and chloral hydrate are already on the wane; alcohol and bullock's blood are now in vogue among the Parisians—the former for fevers and all inflammatory affections, and the latter for anæmia and pulmonary phthisis. It is said to be a curious sight in Paris to see the number of patients of both sexes and of all ranks and ages who flock to the slaughterhouse every morning to drink of the still fuming blood of the oxen slaughtered for the table. According to M. Boussingault, of all nutritive substances the blood of animals contains the greatest quantity of iron, and it is this which gives value to the new medicine.

A SINGULAR EXPLOSION.—Workmen were lately employed to clean out the grease and paint from the inside of the steam cylinder of one of the large ferry boats of the New Jersey Central Railway Company, opposite New York. For this purpose the piston had been duly removed and three men went down into the cylinder, which is 11 feet deep and 50 inches in diameter, taking with them a pail of benzine, which liquid they used in softening the grease. Suddenly a small snake-like streak of flame started from under the hands of the man nearest the benzine pail, and the next instant an explosion occurred, and scattered the burning fluid over the persons of the men. One of them was terribly burnt about the face and neck, and was taken to the hospital. The others were also severely burned on the face, neck, and arms.

CURIOSITIES OF VIBRATION.—Professor Lovering, on vibration, mentions the following curious instances:—When the first suspension bridge was building in England, a fiddler offered to fiddle it away. Striking one note after another, he eventually hit its vibrating note, or fundamental tone, and threw it into such extraordinary vibrations that the bridge builders had to beg him to desist. Only recently a bridge went down under the tread of infantry in France who had not broken step, and 300 were drowned. An experiment is often referred to of a tumbler or a small glass vessel being broken by the frequent repetition of some particular note by the human voice. It is said, and may be true, that certain German tavern keepers increase their custom by the occasional performance of this feat. In the Talmud there is a curious question raised as to what would be the damages if a domestic vessel were broken by a noise made by an animal, such as a barking dog.

A contract has lately been signed between the directors of the St. Gothard Railway, Switzerland, and M. L. Favre, of Geneva, for the boring of a new railway tunnel through the Alps, which promises to surpass anything of the kind yet attempted. The length of the tunnel will be a little more than nine miles. Cost \$10,000,000. The work is to be finished within eight years; and if sooner finished the contractor is to receive \$1,000 a day for each day in advance of the contract time. If the completion of the work is from any cause delayed beyond the contract time, \$1,000 a day are to be forfeited. If the delay reaches beyond six months, the forfeit is then to be increased to \$2,000 a day. The contractor deposits \$1,000,000 as security for the faithful performance of the work. If the delay exceeds the contract time beyond one year, the contract is to be broken, and the company take possession of the security money. The contractor is an eminent civil engineer, and a man of rare abilities. He was formerly a journeyman carpenter in Paris.

The Millbrook, Ont., *Messenger*, notes the following singular discovery of fossil remains in that place, which is believed to be the tooth of a mastodon:—Mr. B. Howden, having lately purchased a portion of what has long been known as the "carriage factory" lot, adjoining his property on the west, yesterday commenced levelling a mound of earth, with the view of filling up two hollows, on either side of this mound. In the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," the deepest of these two hollows has always been a small pond of water, until drained by Mr. Howden. Not six inches from the surface, the plough turned up a monster tooth, weighing 6½ lbs., with a grinding surface 9 inches long and 4 inches wide; the body of the tooth is 8 inches in depth and measures 20 inches in circumference. The roots are all decayed, but the body of the tooth is in a good state of preservation, and the surface almost as hard as it ever was. As the earth was removed, three other teeth, of a like kind, were found, and an endless quantity of decayed bones. The best preserved one was the hip bone, on which the thigh bone works, and in size it is half as large as a patent pail. Altogether, it is a wonderful discovery. The excavation is not two feet deep, and the soil is a light clay loam. No doubt, as the work of levelling progresses, other discoveries will be made.

CHANGING PAY DAY.

A correspondent writes as follows to the *Scientific American*: By almost universal consent and usage, Saturday or Sunday night is the time when the great majority of working people are paid off. The custom, we believe, was imported from the European countries, where it has existed for an indefinite period. Lately, in certain sections of the Queen's dominions, the propriety of changing pay day from Saturday to Monday has been seriously discussed, and so far put to test as to conclusively prove the wisdom of the change.

The reasons specified were principally in the interest of the employed who were habitually given to squandering on Sunday the wages in hand at the recurrence of the weekly holiday, thus perverting it into a mischievous holiday; but the result has also proved advantageous to the employers and to the community beyond, as will be shown.

First, as to the benefits to the employed: When they receive payment on Monday or Monday night, they have literally no time for carousal and debauching indulgences that would unfit them for the next day's work. Those with more self-respect are not generally left with sufficient means, after providing for family expenses, to indulge in the numerous costly pleasures prepared in numberless blazing shop windows on Saturday nights, or which beckon in all directions on Sundays, in the form of excursions, sights, etc., which nearly always emptied the labourer's pocket of the small surplus that, if he were paid on Monday, would be more likely to get into savings bank, or, in some other form, provide for future comfort.

The good sense of reflecting people will approve this system and see, doubtless, what encouragement the change will indirectly be giving to the weak and wavering among our own population, that now find it so hard to deny themselves stimulants, finery, or foolish outlays by the score, when Sunday, with its leisure and opportunities for idleness, indulgence, and display is just at hand, and when the price of all they covet is just paid to them. The diversion of a large percentage of wages, now absolutely squandered on Sunday, might, by changing pay day, be at once secured to its proper and rightful appropriation, namely, the comfort of families that, under the present system, sooner or later come to want and beggary. I believe, further, that it would operate directly and disastrously upon liquor establishments and drinking places of every grade, for credit is not popular in such houses; the labourer is welcome there only when his money keeps him company.

Beyond these mere glances at the physical benefit to the employed and their now cheated families, and passing by the yet mightier moral effects herein involved, let us see what the employer and capitalist would gain by the change.

If labour is capital to a considerable extent, then a simple gain of reliable capital, in the shape of sober, rested workers, instead of sleepy, half drunk, enervated make believes, would be an item worth considering. The peace of mind following established confidence in the general sobriety and faithful appearance of the hands is an appreciable consideration, appealing to individual employers to try the change of pay day.

The loss of time and the failure to meet contracts on account of the delinquencies of working men who despoil themselves over the Sabbath appeal to the credit of manufacturers, head mechanics, and all grades of employers to devise a new system alike beneficial to themselves, their patrons, and their employees.

A NEW TELEGRAPH LINE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND NEW YORK.

The success attending Atlantic telegraphy has made people express wishes for more cables and reduced tariffs—the latter being so high as to be somewhat exclusive,—and to enable the public to send messages at a less rate, the Great Western Telegraph Company was projected for the purpose of laying, during the course of next year, a cable from England to New York *via* Bermuda. This endeavour so far succeeded that the public took the matter up, and a contract was signed with Hooper's Telegraph Works for the manufacture and the laying of the cables, which are now in course of construction.

The following particulars are given in *Engineering*: The proposed route for the cable is entirely new. The cable will start from a convenient point at the Land's End to the Island of Bermuda, and from thence to New York. From Bermuda a cable will, in the course of time, be laid to St. Thomas, to connect with the network of West Indian cables, and there are subsequent intentions of connecting Bermuda with the coast of South America, which route is stated to possess the great advantages of connecting Brazil both with England and with New York by direct lines. The distances are as follows: Land's End to Bermuda, 3,225 knots; Bermuda to New York, 762; total, 4,983.

In the existing Atlantic cables the insulating medium is that of the well-known and generally used material, gutta-percha. In the present instance, however, the directors have decided to employ india rubber in that form known as Hooper's material, as the insulator for their cable. Hooper's core has of late years been largely adopted, as, for instance, for the Persian Gulf cable, the various English cables belonging to the Great Northern Company, and more recently the China and Japan extensions. The success of the present cable, being the longest stretch of cable yet attempted, will prove of material moment in the great question of gutta-percha *versus* india rubber.

Conductor.—The conductor consists of a strand of seven tinned wires of annealed copper of the best quality and manufacture, and the resistance of a nautical mile will not exceed 4.3 ohms at the standard temperature of 75° Fahrenheit; this represents a conductivity of 92½ per cent. of pure copper. The copper strand will weigh for this section 300 lbs. per knot.

Dielectric.—The conductor will be insulated with Hooper's material to the weight of 250 lbs. per knot. This may be briefly stated to be pure rubber next the wire, a separating medium, then coatings of vulcanized rubber, and finally a jacket, the whole process being peculiar, but representing a compact insulated core.

The insulated conductor, or core, is protected with a serving of jute yarn, in quantity according to the requirement of the various types of cable.

The manufacture of this cable progresses steadily. Sir William Thompson and Professor Fleeming Jenkin are electricians and engineers to the company.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is said that the Grenadier Band will accompany the English volunteers to Belgium.

The expenses for the repairs of the damage caused to the cathedral of Strasburg by the bombardment amount to 328,000f.

An eccentric gentleman fond of widows, it would seem, named Jean Lancienx, has left by his will his 30,000f. of income to the widows of Paris.

The Government of Costa Rica has determined to have a navy, and has voted money for the purchase of a war-ship. A one-shipped navy will be a novelty.

There is in Wolverhampton a "Reformed Order of Odd Women," associated for the cultivation of friendship, the pleasures of good company, and the improvements of the morals.

It is confidently stated that one of the leading lady advocates of woman's suffrage, in England, intends at the next general election to offer herself as a candidate for parliamentary honours in a popular constituency.

The Parisian papers state that a *coiffeur* has a little bill for false hair and chignons against a celebrated English star of the naughty half for 10,950 francs. How many Sampsons must have been shorn by Dalilah to complete those tresses!

The Antwerp "beggars" (Geuzen) have resolved to erect a monument in the neighbourhood of Middleburg in honour of Marnix van Sint Aldegonde, one of the leaders of the "beggars" who took the town of Brielle by surprise in 1572.

A tradesman in Bristol has just made a monster umbrella for an African chief. It is 56 feet in circumference, the lance-wood ribs being nine feet long, and there are 140 yards of material in it. It is covered with red, blue, and white chintz, and takes two men to expand it.

The "Great Eastern," though too huge for ordinary uses, has done good service to the world. Since 1865 she has laid not less than 20,000 miles of deep-sea electric cables, the capital invested in which is estimated at \$35,000,000. She has recently been chartered to lay a fourth transatlantic cable.

The two new phrases *à la mode* in Paris are of African origin, and refer to the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. For instance, a lady who is thirsty now exclaims, "I would give a hundred strings of beads to have a glass of water!" and when Mr. White meets Mr. Brown he should say, raising his hat, "Mr. Brown, I presume?"

The enterprising proprietor of North Woolwich Gardens now announces a postmen show, the entries to be confined to those of the Metropolitan districts. Sports will be arranged, but the great feature of the display will be races, in which the competitors will have to run 300 yards, knock at 50 doors, and deliver post cards into as many boxes.—*Court Journal*.

A friend of suffering humanity proposes the establishment of retreats for habitual politicians, into which they may be either placed by their friends or voluntarily retire until their cure is perfected. Any habitual politician who is a public nuisance may, on the certificate of two competent authorities of different political persuasions, be confined in a retreat for a period not exceeding two years.

Within the last few days (says an article in the *Liverpool Mercury*) it has been announced that coal has been discovered in three points of Great Britain far distant from each other and with great differences of geological formation. One of these places is Sandwell Park, West Bromwich, within four miles of Birmingham, in the very centre of England; another is in the neighbourhood of Blandford, in Dorsetshire, and a third is at Brora, on the coast of Sutherlandshire.

The Kingston *Whig* publishes a letter purporting to have been written by Roger C. D. Tichborne, the famous claimant to the Tichborne estate. It is an appeal for sympathy and financial aid from Canadians. With reference to its publication, the *Whig* explains that Mr. E. H. Smith, of Kingston, in England, became acquainted with Mr. Onslow, M.P., and Lord Rivers, two trustees of the Tichborne defence fund, and was by them introduced to the claimant, who handed him the letter, requesting its publication in a Canadian journal.

An English High Church journal observes in a leader that any one who goes into a Ritualistic church before the service begins would have little difficulty in picking out beforehand the persons who will make themselves most conspicuous by their gestures during the progress of public worship. "The men will be mostly under thirty, with weak jaws, retreating chins, flaccid lips and low foreheads; good, simple, stupid creatures, . . . and the women will prove to be either of the gushing or the sour type, discernible at once by garb and demeanour."

The women of the old town of Angers are celebrated for their art in folding linen. The renown is an odd one, but it has, nevertheless, bestowed no mean celebrity on the ladies of Angers. The art does not flourish now as it used, and is, indeed, nearly confined to the grand old housekeepers of the grand old chateaux of the place. The linen presses of a magnificent Gothic hospital still show, too, some chefs d'œuvre of the kind. The good sisters throw open the doors of their immense cupboards with a natural pride, and reveal to the astonishment and admiration of the visitors the wonders of their dexterity. In a vast sheet, folded into a trough, twenty-four sheep, formed of chemises, are drinking, guarded by a night-dress in the shape of a shepherd, and so on. Linen castles, windmills, towers, and abbeys are frequent tours de force of these dexterous linen folders.

WENT A-KITING.—The Louisville *Journal* gives an interesting account of the flying of a kite six feet in length, on the 4th of July. The parties ascended Bacon Hill to take advantage of the wind. The *Journal* says: "There being a stiff breeze the kite rose majestically, its long pendant tail gracefully waving. Mr. Little met with quite an adventure; no precaution had been taken to secure the cord to a tree, and, being a large man and holding the kite at the time, resisted manfully the efforts of the kite to disengage itself from the earth, but finally succumbed, was carried off his feet and lifted into the air, and the wind being from the north, he was wafted majestically over the tree tops, passed over the picnic being held at Luce's pasture, to the great consternation of all, who thought the last day had come, thence across the valley, and finally landed on a hill a little below Mr. Stillman's house. It was a narrow escape, and will be long remembered by all who witnessed it."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SONG:

SWEET MAIDEN, IN MY LONELINESS.

I.

Sweet maiden, in my loneliness
I think of all the pleasures flown,
Of gentle word and fond caress,
When I believed thee all my own.

II.

I coldly pass the fairest forms,
They have no power to move my breast,
For thee alone my bosom warms,
And thou alone canst make me blest.

III.

I count the slowly-moving hours
Until thy face again I see—
The sweetest draught of pleasure sours
Unless, my love, 'tis shared by thee.

IV.

I oft repeat thy cherished name,
And long to hear thee answer low:
My love for thee is just the same
As when we parted long ago.

V.

And yet, alas! I wait in vain—
No welcome message comes from thee;
I spend my days in lonely pain,
Lest thou shouldst have forgotten me.

VI.

Oh! be not cruel, maiden dear,
Nor doom me thus to weary woe,
When one kind word my soul would cheer
And make my heart with joy o'erflow.

JOHN READE.

THE PHANTOM SENTINEL Of Champ de Mars.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

A few days ago, friend B—, of the *Gazette*, and I went out for a stroll in the direction of the Champ de Mars. Our object was to witness a review of the Garrison Artillery, at that time on duty at the Quebec Gate Barracks, but for some reason or other, the troop did not turn out. So we mildly vented our disappointment by moralizing on the neglected and deserted appearance of the old historic ground. That beautiful quad, framed with trees—so we discovered in Amseboean fashion, like Corydon and Thyriss—has been enlivened by the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," for upwards of a century. There Vandreduil and Levis marshalled the blue uniforms of France. There Amherst entered triumphantly with his red coats. There Montgomery reviewed his ragged continentals, on his way to Quebec. There Peninsular, Waterloo, Indian, and Crimean veterans have marched and counter-marched. What splendid scenes they were! The long tiers of seats crowded with people—men, women and children in holiday attire; the grassy margins of the grounds covered with recumbent, expectant boys; the windows of all the neighbouring houses gaping with eager faces. Then came the beat of the drums, the strains of lively music, the loud word of command, the patter of orderlies' horses, the beautiful yet terrible tramp of the line that made the top-most leaves of the Lombardy poplars tremble; the maze of evolutions; dazzling gun and bayonet exercise, and the thunderous rumbling of the Grey Battery dashing to the front of battle. How the big civilian men shouted their applause; how the more martial women tapped their soft-gloved hands; how the boys waved their caps and the girls their handkerchiefs.

But now all this is over. The field of Mars is silent. The grass grows over its gravel surface. The handsome poplars, standing in line like soldiers, seem to droop towards decay. The Gosford street chapel just in sight has been converted into a play-house, and the officers' quarters on the St. Gabriel street side are closed.

We were still going on in this mood when the sun sank behind the royal mountain and a thin grey shadow crept over the ground.

"The Champ de Mars now belongs only to the past," said I, moving off, "and will soon be connected by fireside story-tellers with the marvels of legend and romance."

"It is so connected already," said my companion.

"How so?"
"Have you never heard of the phantom sentinel?"
"Never."

"Then I must tell it to you. Thus will our visit to Champ de Mars not be useless after all, for though by the non-appearance of the Artillery, I miss a paragraph for my paper, you will have a story for the *Canadian Illustrated News*."

CHAPTER I.

It was somewhere about the time of our rebellion. No country's history is complete, you know, without a revolt or rebellion of some sort or other. Ours was not much of an affair, to be sure, but we have made the most of St. Denis, St. Charles and St. Eustache, and Garneau has done his best to immortalize

Nelson, Papineau, McKenzie and "the man named Brown." Well, it was somewhere about the time of our rebellion, rather after it, I should say, and the country from having been almost destitute of troops, found itself abundantly provided with them. Montreal, of course, had her share. One or two brigades were quartered here, and among them were several crack regiments. Those were gay times, and old Champ de Mars was in its glory.

Margaret (her family name has not come down to posterity) was a Scotch lass, doing domestic service in Montreal, at that period. Her "master" lived in what was then an aristocratic suburb, on Upper St. Lawrence street, near Dorchester. A bonnie girl was Mag—blue eyes, hair like the flaxen floss, brow, neck, and arms as white as milk, and plump rounded cheeks, slightly freckled, however, with exposure to the dews of the sunrise and sunset. Her feet, too, were a trifle large as made to scale the hills in search of truant kye.

Margaret dearly loved the military. Her holiday was to attend the reviews on Champ de Mars. Bundling the baby into its perambulator—or what was a substitute for it in those days—she would wheel her little charge under the trees of the upper terrace for hours together, until the last note had died into an echo, and the field of pageant was deserted. She seemed to appreciate every manoeuvre, and would give a little cry of enthusiasm at every brilliant movement. She knew all about every regiment, the distinctive marks of its uniform, the details of its history, and the odd-sounding foreign names wrought in silk on its battle flags. Nor was she less observant of the handsome fellows in each regiment. Her eye singled them out on the parade or followed them along the sentry beat. More especially if they were Scotchmen she would, as it were, envelope them with the sweetest and most winning of her smiles.

It was not long, of course, before the soldiers noticed her in their turn. The wags among them called her the daughter of the regiment; to a few of the more sentimental ones she was another Annie Laurie. The young officers ogled her, the tall guardsmen strutted before her, and some of the boldest among them would thrust their big paws under the baby's chin with a vague notion of pleasing the nurse by fondling her ward.

One day Margaret was trundling her little carriage under the poplars as usual. There was a grandiose sham battle going on in the field below. All was noise, confusion, and excitement in the vast throng of spectators. It would only have been like her, if Mag had joined in the general enthusiasm. But this day, singularly enough, she did not do so. She promenaded leisurely up and down in the rear of the crowd, seemingly unconscious of the bustle around her. She would sometimes stop and lean upon the shaft of her vehicle, but it was not to gaze at the martial scene. Rather did her eyes attach themselves dreamily to some invisible object in the air. Her face was flushed and her manner gave proof of nervous emotion. Evidently there was something the matter with Mag. What was it?

Backward and forward under the high stone wall of the Government garden walked a sentinel. This was one of the regular beats, and the service was not dispensed with even when a parade took place on Champ de Mars. This sentinel belonged to the Scots Fusiliers. In his tunic of sergeant's scarlet, with blue facings; his towering bearskin with curbed chain; the glittering star on his collar; his waist belt tightly drawn and the pouch slung across his Atlantean shoulders, he was a superb sight and, looking at him, we need inquire no further what was the matter with Margaret.

This was not the first time by many that Sandy (for so we may as well name the sentry) and Mag had seen each other. But it was the first time that they had come so close together and under such inviting circumstances. We all know the magnetism of love's earliest approaches. Most men have felt the thrill of a rustling dress and most women the witchery of man's appealing eye. Sandy durst not stop to talk and Mag was too discreet to ask any questions or provoke any explanations. For two long hours their love-making consisted only of melting looks and tender smiles. At length, however, a corporal with a squad came up, arms were presented, and Sandy was relieved from guard. He turned off to the barracks, laid aside his musket, and after touching up his toilet a little returned hastily to Champ de Mars. One glance along the terrace satisfied him that Margaret was still there. She had halted the baby carriage at the far end of the walk, near the Gosford street railing, and was listlessly gazing at the blank wall of the Government garden. The crowd was still so great that she did not notice Sandy till he came right up to her. A little scream, a tremor, an alternation of pallor and blushing were her token, of recognition and of welcome. What followed I need not detail. Two hours passed in one of those delightful interviews which, thank God, the lowliest of the earth can enjoy as well as the highest. The military pageant was over, the great multitude had gradually melted away and the afternoon was declining, when the two parted. How they parted every one can

easily guess. Sandy strutted away with his striped fatigue cap smartly dashed over his ear. Margaret hastened down Champ de Mars hill nervously pulling at the shafts of the carriage. Easy, Mag, easy, for baby has been sleeping this half-hour.

CHAPTER II.

One year passes. A large transport lies in the basin at the foot of Jacques Cartier Square. Let me say, parenthetically, that the square was not the fine open area which it is at present, but the site of a dingy market turned gablewise to the water. This square was crowded and so was the wharf. Men, women, and children had turned out for a military celebration, but this time it was not of the usual agreeable character. A regiment was about to take its departure for its depot in England. This regiment was the Scots Fusiliers. They had acquired unbounded popularity during their stay in Montreal, and there was general regret at their being ordered away. Hence nearly the whole city had turned out to bid them God speed. They came first from their quarters, passed through Champ de Mars for the last time, turned down Jacques Cartier Square and drew up on the extremity of pier, near the gangway of the transport. There an order of the day was read expressing the farewell and the commendations of the General commanding the station. Then a few friends passed forward to shake hands. But this ceremony was soon cut short by the bugle call which summoned the regiment on board. Half an hour later the planks of the gangway were withdrawn, the anchors raised, the cables loosed and the vessel began gradually to move away from the pier. The band struck up an appropriate air, shouts rent the air; hats were brandished; handkerchiefs were waved. It was a scene upon which even the most indifferent could not look without emotion. For those who had relatives or friends upon the transport, the parting had more than usual interest. One young guardsman was seen standing at the stern of the receding vessel, with his arms crossed upon his heart, and a look of profound despondency. His eye was fixed upon one point of the pier. On that point, near the extreme edge of the water, stood a young woman in dark clothes.

The vessel had not dropped more than a hundred yards from her moorings, when all at once a cry of consternation was heard among the crowd, followed by that wild movement which in multitudes always betokens danger. "Man and woman over board!"

It was soon ascertained that the young woman in dark clothes had thrown herself from the pier in the swash of the vessel and that the young guardsman had sprung in after her. Boats were launched at once, both from the shore and the transport. Montreal had splendid watermen in those days, the worthy predecessors of Joe Vincent. One of these succeeded without difficulty in rescuing the young woman, but all efforts were vain to succor the soldier. Indeed, no trace of him whatever was found, and the search was finally abandoned as hopeless. A couple of hours later, the quay was deserted and the vessel had disappeared.

"It was a case of love and despair," said a gentleman to his companion as they both went up the street.

"Yes, I believe the young woman and the young soldier were engaged."

"And why didn't they marry?"

"They couldn't."

"Couldn't the soldier get his discharge?"

"No."

"And he couldn't marry while in the service."

"No."

"That was hard."

"It was cruel."

Fortunately there are now regulations in the British army to meet such extreme cases.

CHAPTER III.

For a long time, Margaret was not seen on Champ de Mars. Indeed, she disappeared altogether from the sight of her friends, and it was supposed that she had taken refuge in some convent or asylum. One evening, however, as belated clerks and mechanics crossed the ground on their way home, they observed a woman moving up and down under the long row of trees that overlook Craig Street. Her manner was very odd. She would walk rapidly for a moment, then slacken her pace, and stop suddenly short. Or else she would stand motionless with her eyes fixed upward and her arms extended as if to clutch some invisible object. This pantomime being repeated several times in the week, every one in that quarter of the city came to know of it. The woman of course passed for a lunatic, a notion which was confirmed by the fact that she was never out on a pitch dark night. In ordinary circumstances she would soon have ceased to draw attention, but the curiosity of the boys more especially connected her with all kinds of fancies and illusions which increased the public interest. It was remarked among other things that she never walked the whole length of the pathway under the trees,

but stopped at the fifth tree from the end. Then gradually it was noised about that there was an apparition, a ghost which haunted that part of the walk, and that with it the woman communed. It was whispered that on dark nights, or in stormy weather, a phantom was seen flitting backward and forward from the street wall to the foot of the fifth tree. Timorous females would never pass that way after dark, and children spoke in whispers of the *loup-garou*. All kinds of stories were repeated about the sprite. The most common report had it that he was the wraith of a soldier, going over his old sentry beats. He was said not to walk upon the ground, but rather to glide in space a few inches above it. At times his form, of a greyish colour, would extend upwards till the head touched the branches of the trees, then recede to pigmy dimensions. His gun was represented by a tall pike, which he generally held upright to his shoulder in true sentinel fashion, but sometimes brandished about his head and body. When he did this, the superstitious people who watched him from behind their half-open shutters declared that the point of the lance emitted sparks of electric fire. An imaginative fellow said that in the refraction of the moonlight, he looked, in burnous and javelin, like a Bedouin stalking giganticly along the white edge of the Arabian desert.

One evening the Champ de Mars had been the scene of a gay parade, at which immense throngs had assisted. The weather had been of the loveliest, the moon shining down and flooding the area with the softest radiance. But scarcely had the troops or the spectators retired when a terrific storm burst forth, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The ground was splashed, the trees bent and moaned in the grasp of the tempest. In the very midst of the elemental uproar, the mad woman was seen to pass quickly from the street to the stair leading up to the Champ de Mars. A policeman who just then happened to go by attempted to dissuade her, but she gently set him aside and completed the ascent. Curiosity prompted him to watch her movements from the side-walk below, and it is through him that the events of that awful night were made known. He stated that the woman walked up and down, as usual, slowly and leisurely, in spite of the pelting rain. She would sometimes pause and throw back her head as if to defy the storm. Finally she went up to the fifth tree and knelt beneath its branches. A rift in the clouds just at that moment allowed a single pencil of moonlight to fall upon her person, and the observer got a full view of her. Her face was white as death, her eyes were distended and her arms outstretched. A minute after, she was enveloped in gloom again, and the storm increased in violence. The stern patrol was awed at the sight, but something still more terrible was in store for him. He had advanced only a few steps further when he declares he saw a white phantom leap down from the wall and enter upon the path where the woman was kneeling. There was something vapoury, sinuous, unearthly about the figure, but it was wonderfully distinct. The policeman used to say that, if he lived a hundred years, he could never efface it from his memory. As the vision passed under the first tree, next the wall, the storm burst out with redoubled vehemence. The rain poured in torrents, the thunder shook the earth and sky, the flashes of lightning cut through the gloom with the zigzag vivacity of Damascus blades. It was a night of terror. The tempest seemed the voice of God's wrath. The policeman, thoroughly appalled, sought refuge in an empty hut near by. Presently a peal of thunder louder than the rest was heard, a terrific cry arose clear above the reverberation, the gleam of something white, as of an outspread garment, appeared near the fifth tree—and then all was over. The tempest gradually subsided; the rain ceased; the black clouds fled down the horizon, and the moon sailed out, like a smiling queen, through the clear blue heaven. The policeman, now reassured, came forth from his hiding place, and with the presentiment of a catastrophe, ascended the slope directly to the tree. There on a spot of ground which the leaves had sheltered from the rain lay the woman, with her arms crossed upon her breast and her face in the grass. The watchman laid his hand upon her shoulder to arouse her. But she moved not; she was dead.

It was poor Margaret.

"What did the woman die of?" I asked my friend B—, as he lit a cigar which I presented him in gratitude of his story.

"Why, that is clear enough."

"Was she not struck by lightning?"

"Not at all."

"Did she not drop dead of heart disease?"

"There were no signs of that."

"Then what was it?"

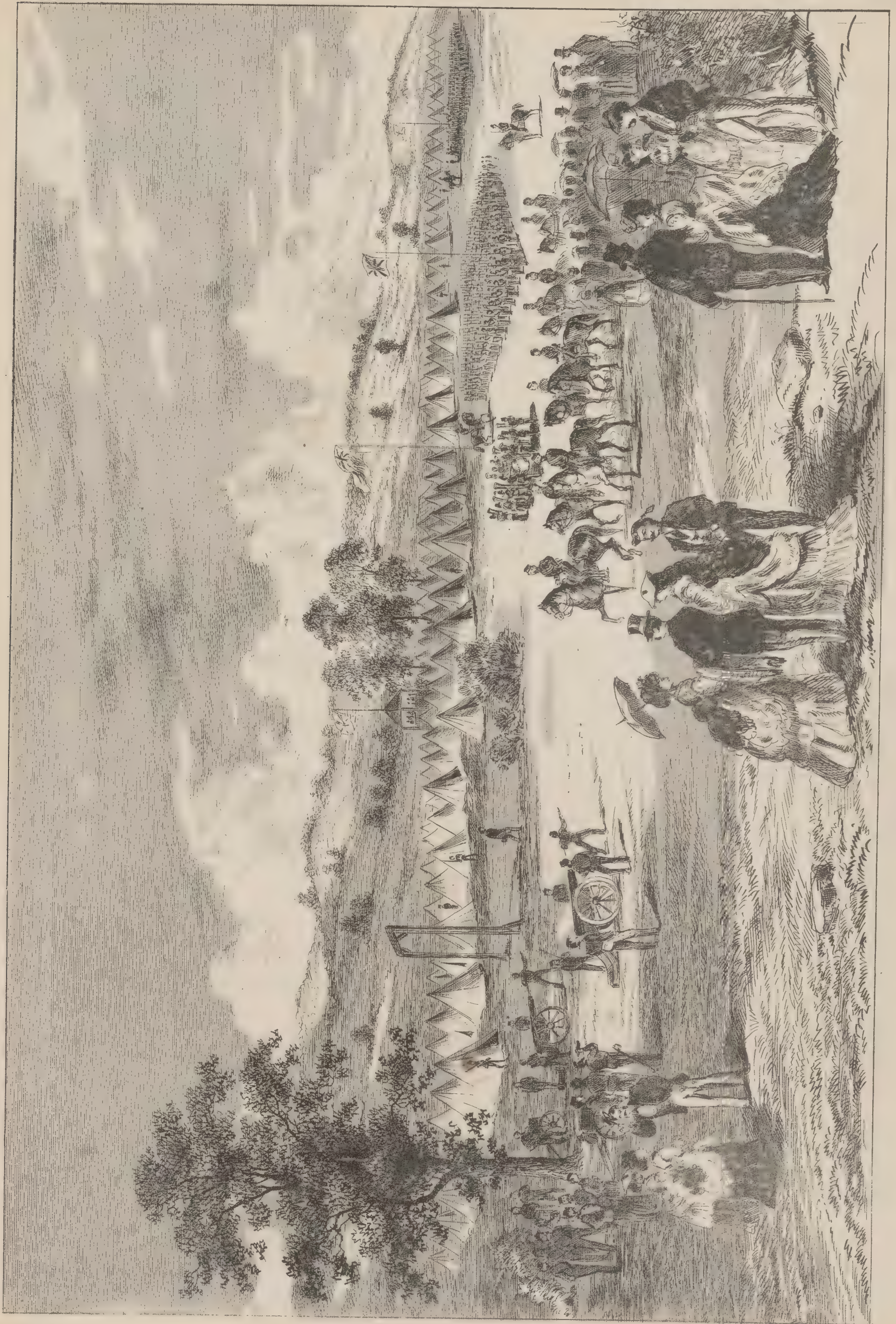
"The spirit of her soldier lover, the phantom sentinel of Champ de Mars, came to her and carried her away with him in a chariot of fire!"

"I would call that wonderful," I exclaimed.

"If it were true," interrupted my friend.

"Isn't it true?"

"I dreamt it last night!"



NEW BRUNSWICK.—WOODSTOCK CAMP.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.



SCENE FROM "ONE WIFE" AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL.



THE NEW FRENCH TRAMWAY.—M. LARMANJAT'S SINGLE RAIL SYSTEM.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]
THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A., NIAGARA.

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven, subtle, strand by strand,
Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long with-
stood;
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
Knitting the mother and the daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is deftly woven now, in that firm gage
Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age—
The pledge of peace and concord true alway:
Perish the hand, and palsied be the arm,
That would one fibre of that fabric harm!

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act
of 1868.]

THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of "Hilda; or, The Merchant's Secret," "The Abbey of Rathmore," &c.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The likeness of Hortense was taken after her return to the château. It wore a sweet expression, and there was in the dark eye a chastened light—a look not of this world. Georgina's admiration of it gratified Stephanie.

"Ma chère maman die very young, and ma tante Louise will be dead too," she observed, with a sigh. "La voilà," she added, pointing to another portrait near that of Hortense.

"Is that your aunt's likeness?" asked Georgina, looking with indifference at the plain face, regarding her so steadily from the canvass. But now a portrait of striking beauty caught her eye, and she uttered a little cry of surprise. "Why was Dr. Delamare's likeness there! was he a relative of Madame St. Hilaire?"

"C'est mon oncle!" was Stephanie's careless remark as she saw her governess gazing at the portrait.

"Your uncle!" repeated Georgina, a new light dawning on her. "Then he married your aunt Louise?"

"Oui," said the child curtly. "You like to look at him, *mademoiselle*," she added, with a light laugh; the admiration in Georgina's gaze did not escape her observation.

"He is very handsome; don't you like him, Stephanie?"

"Non! he is not good to *ma chère tante*. Bah! you are *très-beau mais méchant*," she added, with a grimace at the portrait.

"Do you often see your aunt and uncle, Stephanie? do they come often to the château?" asked Georgina eagerly.

"They live here," was the child's startling answer.

"Live here!" repeated the governess with a bewildered air.

"Oui, but *oncle* has been away for some—*semaines*," she added, at a loss for the English word.

"When will he return?" was the next anxious question.

"*Aujourd'hui*—he come home to-day; Aunt Louise so glad too! she fear he never come—he so long away."

"Is Aunt Louise very ill, Stephanie?"

"*Oui! ma pauvre tante* will be dead too early like *maman*; *mais venez!* I will make you see *la maison*—de view from de turret. *C'est magnifique!* *Allons!*" and seizing Georgina's hand she led her up two flights of stairs and through various passages into a small chamber at the top of one of the turrets. Feeling in a state of bewilderment from the discovery she had made that Delamare was an inmate of the château, Georgina threw herself into a chair beside one of the windows, and looking out pretended to be admiring the very fine prospect it commanded, while she indulged in a train of thought strangely pleasing and painful—her mind filled with conflicting emotions. But her voluble companion would not allow her to remain long silent.

"How do you like de room, *mademoiselle*? it is where to say *les leçons*."

"Indeed! what a charming school-room; the view from it is so beautiful! And who occupies the turret-room in the opposite wing?"

"*Grand'mère, c'est la chambre*, where she say her prayer. She say dem very often."

"And do you often say yours, Stephanie?" asked her governess, with an arch smile.

"*Pas très-souvent*; I be too wicked," was the answer, with a little grimace and shrug.

"Is the view from your grandmamma's turret as fine as this?"

"*Je ne sais pas!* I never see dat *chambre*. Nobody go dere but *grand'mère*. *Mais tenez!* See *mon oncle!*" and she pointed to a horseman approaching the château.

With a sudden throb of joy Georgina turned quickly to look once again on the well-remembered face of Delamare. Some months had passed since she last saw him. He was looking altered, she thought, as if sorrow pressed heavily upon him. Was he too suffering from their separation.

"Excusez-moi, *mademoiselle*; I must run to see *mon oncle pour un moment*," was Stephanie's hurried remark as she rushed from the room.

At the hall-door she met Delamare; Georgina saw him start with surprise as his niece spoke to him in an excited manner, pointing towards the window where her governess stood looking down upon them. The flush of joyful emotion coloured his face as he glanced hurriedly up. She drew back quickly, and trembling with agitation withdrew to her own room to commune with herself and recover her composure before she again saw Stephanie. Delamare was an inmate of the château! How filled with sunshine was the path that so unexpectedly opened before her! Dazzled by the glare she saw not the serpent gliding amid the bright blossoms that strewed the pleasant way. With intense joy she thought of again meeting Delamare, of daily enjoying his society, of living under the same roof with him. The sight of this man, who had so cruelly deceived her, stirred the depths of her heart and fanned into a flame the love she had tried to subdue. Back in a strong current rushed the tide of her affections, threatening to overleap the barrier with which principle tried to restrain it. And now above the tumult of passion was heard again the voice of conscience sternly reminding her that as Delamare lived at the château it was not a fit residence for her. Then the weak human heart in its passionate yearnings for that which principle denied begged for a little delay, pleading the necessity of fulfilling her engagement with Madame St. Hilaire and the impossibility of leaving so suddenly without a sufficient excuse, for she could not assign the real cause. And where was she to go, she asked herself. She could not return to the protection of Mrs. Seymour, having quarrelled with that kind friend, and no other situation as governess presented itself. She must remain at Madame St. Hilaire's for the present, but she would be exceedingly circum-spect in her conduct towards Delamare. She would conceal from him the power he still possessed over her affections. She would never allow him an interview with her alone. And with this determination she quieted conscience and prepared to enjoy the inviting walk into which she had stumbled, although it did lead along the brow of a precipice.

Oh life! how varied are thy paths! To some favoured few they lead amid shady groves and sheltered vales, fragrant with odorous plants and glittering with sunlight. To the many they ways are through a wilderness, a dreary waste, uncheered by either sunshine or verdure. Some tread an easy earth-path without any severe trial, to test their principles; they glide through the journey of life as it were by easy stages, and sink at last into a quiet grave, knowing scarcely ought of life's trials. While others almost at the very outset are met with fierce temptation, beguiling them through forbidden paths over hidden pitfalls strewn with flowers into which the unwary feet of youth can scarcely avoid stumbling. How necessary that prayer of Him who knew the weakness of our fallen nature—Lord, lead us not into temptation!

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE GARDEN.

The dinner hour at the château was two o'clock. As the bell rang Stephanie entered Georgina's room.

"On a *servi, mademoiselle!*" Then with an exclamation of intense admiration the child stood and stared at her governess. She was looking bewilderingly beautiful, dressed with exquisite taste, the excitement of her feelings giving its own beauty to her countenance.

"That is the bell for dinner, I suppose. I am ready, but just want your help, Stephanie, to clasp my bracelet," and Georgina held out her beautifully-moulded arm towards her pupil, who eagerly performed the required service.

"Will your aunt be at dinner?" asked Georgina as they descended the stairs. She felt some curiosity to see Delamare's wife.

"*Oui*; she feel better *aujourd'hui*."

The family were in the dining-room when Stephanie and her governess entered. The eyes of Louise were turned eagerly towards the door, as if watching for the stranger's entrance, and they rested with widest admiration on the charming face that met her view. Holding out her hand with winning courtesy she welcomed her to the château, and Georgina's heart throbbed painfully as she met those sweet eyes and felt her hand clasped by the unsuspecting wife.

"Allow me to present Dr. Delamare," said Madame St. Hilaire, with stately politeness.

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting Miss Davenant at the ball at St. John's," said Delamare hastily, with a furtive glance at the governess. He seemed to forget that their acquaintance had begun some months previously.

"How is it that you did not mention that before? Gentlemen usually speak of the handsome ladies they meet at such places."

There was no reply. It seemed to escape the doctor's observation as he seated himself at table and began vigorously to carve the roast fowl placed before him.

"You are from England, I believe, Miss Davenant?" resumed Louise. "When did you come to Canada?"

Delamare listened uneasily for Georgina's answer. He feared she might make some remark that would elicit the fact that they had crossed the Atlantic in the same vessel—a circumstance which if now known to his wife—as he had concealed it from her—might awaken her suspicion, but Georgina had no intention of revealing this fact, and she quietly answered—"Last fall I landed at Quebec."

"That was the time you came out, Henri?"

"Very probably," he coldly replied.

"England is a charming country, so richly cultivated," resumed Louise. "Contrasted with it what a wilderness must Canada appear in your eyes!"

"Canada has its own attractions—its vast forests, its majestic lakes and rivers. Nature here wears a magnificent garb."

"But the climate is too severe, the winters are so cold!"

"I prefer them to the rainy winter in England, full of fog and gloom. My sister and I like the Canadian climate, but papa has suffered much from its rigour on account of ill health."

"And I too for the same reason find it most trying. Some years since I could enjoy the pleasant amusements of the winter in Canada, but that time will never come again," and the gentle invalid sighed deeply.

During dinner Georgina, who sat opposite Madame Delamare, found herself frequently regarding one who was unconsciously the barrier to her happiness. Her face looked even plainer than the portrait taken when she was young. Disease had robbed the cheek and lips of colour and dimmed the brightness of the gentle eye. Very many silver threads were mingled with the dark hair, and every feature was sharpened by suffering. One charm alone remained—the beauty of her smile. When it broke over the wan face every feature partook of its sweetness. The more Georgina looked at the patient, sad-looking invalid, the deeper was her self-reproach for ever having cherished the wish for her death. And yet selfishness suggested the thought would not death be a happy release from all suffering, and would it not open up for herself a way to earthly happiness by putting it in the power of Delamare to claim her hand.

What a contrast did the plain, pallid face of Louise present to the marvellous beauty of Georgina! Delamare's eyes wandered incessantly towards her, but did not dare to linger. He seemed ill at ease and was silent and thoughtful. The cold demeanour of Georgina, and the haughty resentment her eyes flashed on him as they first met his impressed him with the painful conviction that the discovery of his marriage had estranged her affections.

The conversation was chiefly carried on by Madame Delamare and the governess. Madame St. Hilaire, as well as her son-in-law, took little part in it. She, too, seemed thoughtful, her manner was, as usual, cold and formal. It was only when her eye rested on her grandchild that her countenance softened, and a grim smile was always seen to flash over her face when she indulged in any little burst of merriment.

"I must apologize for your pupil's rudeness this morning," was an observation addressed by Louise to Georgina during her niece's temporary absence from the dining-room. "She is quite spoiled and will give you a vast deal of trouble. Her impatience to see you whom her grandmamma described as very beautiful, is the only excuse for her rude conduct in ringing you out of bed."

"She has promised to be obedient and attentive to her studies. I hope to find less difficulty in managing her than you anticipate. The only trouble I find is her unwillingness to speak English, and my knowledge of French is imperfect."

"But you must insist on her conversing with you in English," broke in Madame St. Hilaire. "I wish her to understand that language perfectly. Although a little spoiled she possesses amiable qualities and only requires judicious management. Her affections are warm, and as she has fallen in love with you," added Madame, with one of her grim smiles, "I think you will find her a docile pupil."

"Dr. A—, from St. John's, was here lately attending Louise, Henri!" resumed the mistress of the château, addressing her son-in-law, after a pause in the conversation. "She felt so ill we found it necessary to call him in during your absence. He does not approve of your treatment of her disease and would like to consult with you about it."

Delamare bent his eyes upon his plate, and a deep flush mantled on his face. Was it anger or a guilty conscience which sent that sudden colour to his brow?

"Doctors differ in opinion," he coldly observed. "If you have no confidence in my skill let A— attend Louise; altogether he is considered a clever physician."

"No! no!" broke in Louise quickly, "I will have no one but yourself, Henri."

There was a confiding affection in the look she turned on him, but she received no reply, no look of answering tenderness. A startling thought flashed across the mind of Georgina. A vague dark suspicion crept toward her, but

she crushed it instantly, it sent such a pang to her heart.

"Dr. A— thinks change of air and scene would benefit me," resumed Louise, wearily, but I fear nothing can do me good."

"He advises another visit to Saratoga," remarked Madame St. Hilaire.

A shadow darkened Delamare's face, the prospect of leaving home again was evidently not pleasing—it contained an attraction now.

"I don't agree with him," he said curtly.

"Why not?" asked Madame St. Hilaire, with irritation. She thought he felt but little interest about his wife's health or what was beneficial to her. His coldness and neglect had been a source of deep annoyance.

"Simply because the fatigue of the journey in her weak state might be too much for her."

"She could travel by easy stages. Dr. A— wouldn't advise it if it wasn't for her good," was Madame's snappish rejoinder.

"And when do you purpose setting out, Louise?" asked her husband, coldly veiling his anxiety in the matter under assumed indifference.

"To-morrow or next day, the sooner the better," put in his mother-in-law, gruffly.

"I cannot be ready as soon as that," he retorted rather defiantly. "Having just returned home I have some necessary business to attend to."

"You are not always so unwilling to leave home," she rejoined bitterly as she rose from the table, dinner being finished, and left the dining-room.

"I shall wait your convenience, dear Henri," said Louise tenderly, as she followed him out on the veranda, where he went to soothe his irritation with a cigar. "Come and sit here, Miss Davenant," she added, calling to the governess, who was withdrawing with Stephanie. "It is pleasant on this shaded veranda this warm day."

"Rather too cool for you, Louise; the breeze from the river is fresh for an invalid."

"Oh it is delightful! let me stay here," she pleaded. "Stephanie can fetch me a shawl."

"You will always have your own way, Louise, and then you suffer for it."

Delamare's manner was a little savage, he did so long to get rid of his wife and have a *tête-à-tête* with Georgina.

"Always have my own way!" she repeated reproachfully. "You know that it is not the truth, Henri. But if you really think it best for me not to sit here enjoying that refreshing air I shall obey."

"I give you my professional opinion," he answered eagerly. "Dr. A— would tell you the same thing."

"Then I submit," said Louise wearily, as she passed into the dining-room and retired to her own apartment.

"Stephanie! go and gather a choice bouquet for Miss Davenant!" This was Delamare's next move to get rid of the child. When she had got beyond listening distance he turned eagerly to address Georgina, but she had quietly moved away to the end of the veranda, true to her determination not to afford him an opportunity of speaking to her alone although it taxed her self-denial to the utmost. Descending some steps to the garden she entered a gravelled walk and proceeded towards the parapet overlooking the river. A rustic seat beside a graceful elm invited her to repose beneath the friendly shade, and she threw herself wearily into it, glad to be alone and think over all that had been said at dinner. A feeling of deep disappointment pervaded her mind at the proposed departure of Delamare and his wife from the château, although she tried to persuade herself she was glad of it, that it was the best thing that could occur. Soon a step was heard approaching; she listened eagerly to the well-known tread. Delamare had followed her from the veranda, walking leisurely, as if he had no particular object in view, stopping now and then to cull a flower, which he pulled to pieces the next moment in his nervous excitement. Georgina felt that some explanatory conversation could not be avoided and it was as well to have it now as at another time. She therefore awaited his approach, her heart throbbing with mingled emotions, resentment towards Delamare struggling with fonder feelings.

"Why do you shun me, Georgina?" The words came in low passionate tones as he stood beside her.

She made no reply, but there was a world of meaning in the look she turned upon him.

"I cannot express the unexpected rapture it was to find you here, to meet you again after our long cruel separation. How little did I know of the pleasure that awaited me this morning as I returned reluctantly to my miserable home!"

"My being here is not through design. I was not aware I was coming to your home."

"Ah!" with a look of disappointment, "then you did not seek our re-union—"

"Certainly not!" broke haughtily from Georgina, who felt her maidenly dignity insulted by such a supposition.

"Ah! you no longer care to see me. You do not forgive me, Georgina. Must this intense pain be added to my other sufferings already so intolerable?"

"It is only what you deserve," she answered, sharply yet secretly exulting in the power

she possessed over his happiness. "The deception you practised towards me is unpardonable. Such unprincipled conduct calls forth my deepest indignation."

"And will my passionate love be no extenuation of my fault? Will it not plead for me?" he asked in the husky voice of intense emotion. He feared that he had offended Georgina past forgiveness; he did not know the depth of her devotion to him, or how hard it is to root out or trample down a strong attachment in a woman's heart.

There was no answer. The deep dejection in the handsome face, and the appealing look of the eloquent eyes, did plead for him with the woman he loved; but it was not her intention to let him see the inextinguishable interest he still possessed in her affections. Her womanly pride and self-respect prevented that. With an averted face, she sat looking out upon the river, as if only intent upon watching a schooner passing at the moment, its sails catching the sunlight.

"Speak to me, Georgina! don't drive me to desperation. You know how passionately I love you."

She faced him angrily as he stood looking down upon her with that miserable imploring look.

"Dr. Delamare, the time is past when I could listen to your protestations of attachment. I did not then know you were the husband of another. That stern truth revealed, such vows are only an insult. I can hear no more of them!"

"But the time will yet come when I can utter them without offence. You will listen then! Oh! say you will, Georgina!" he pleaded with passionate earnestness.

She did not answer and he continued vehemently:

"Do not cast me off for ever! give me some reason to hope that when I am free you will not reject my love. I cannot live without hope."

She still remained silent; she would give no promise. It gratified her pride to see him thus wretched, supplicating, despairing. She felt too strong resentment for the dishonorable way he had deceived her and winning her affections had caused her, such intense suffering. Still that affection was too powerful to allow her to give him up as she ought to do.

"This conversation has continued too long," she said at length, rising suddenly and speaking with decision, "and it must not be renewed during my stay at the chateau, which will not be longer than I can help."

"Then your love for me is at an end?" he cried frantically, deceived by the cool determination of her manner.

"Command yourself! they will see you from the house!" she said with an alarmed look.

"What do I care if they do!" he rejoined, yet speaking with subdued vehemence. "You had better not drive me to despair by this rejection of my love," he continued gloomily. "The only thought that has sustained me through the past months since I parted from you at Quebec is the hope that when her death set me free you would accept my hand. When that event takes place, and it is not far distant, will you promise to be mine?"

"How do you know her death is near?" she asked with a searching look.

"My knowledge as a physician assures me," he replied, hastily averting his eye.

Again floated towards Georgina the vague horrible suspicion which had startled her at the dinner-table.

"Are you doing all in your power to restore her to health?" she asked with grave earnestness.

"Of course I am!" he answered quickly, still looking away from Georgina. "Dr. A—'s skill too is called in to save her, but it is not in the power of a physician to do that."

"Poor Louise! she is very loveable —."

"Ah yes! but she is not Georgina," was the passionate interruption.

"Yet you vowed to love and cherish her, how have you kept that vow?" she asked, half indignantly, in her strange sympathy with the despised and neglected wife. If Louise had been strong in health, likely to continue a barrier to her own happiness, Georgina would not have felt thus kindly towards her, but she knew the hand of death would ere long remove this only obstacle to her marriage with Delamare, and she could afford to sympathise with the woman she had wronged. What a strange mixture of good and evil there is in the human heart!

"You are too hard on me, Georgina," he said sullenly. "I did my duty to Louise till I saw you. Your bewildering beauty has led me astray."

"Why did we ever meet?" was her passionate exclamation, her heart oppressed with a feeling of guilt as she saw herself the cause of this man's faithlessness to his amiable wife.

"It would be well for all if we had not!" he muttered, with a gloomy despairing look.

Stephane now came rushing towards them with an immense bouquet for her governess.

"Oh, Stephanie, you have robbed the garden!" exclaimed Georgina, glad of this interruption to the conversation.

"What am I to do with all these flowers."

We had better carry some of them to the school-room."

"Ah! oui, mademoiselle, c'est très bon! I get a vase to put them in," and off she flew towards the house, followed slowly by Georgina.

(To be continued.)

ART AND LITERATURE.

Cluseret is preparing a history of the Paris Commune.

Mr. Seward's book of travel around the world is to be published this fall.

Gerald Massey is engaged on a work to be entitled "Myth, Miracle, and Mystery."

M. Littre's vast Dictionary of the French Language is now approaching completion.

Herr Kalisch, the founder of the well-known Berlin comic journal, *Kladderadatsch*, is dead.

In Paris, at the Theatre Français, they are preparing a revival of Corneille's tragedy, "Le Cid."

The *Figaro* announces that a new drama by M. Victor Hugo will be finished before the winter.

Sir R. Wallace has made an offer to defray all expenses in the forwarding of English objects of art to the Vienna Exhibition.

Sir Charles Dilke is about to become the proprietor of *Notes and Queries*, which will be placed under the editorial charge of Dr. Doran, F.S.A.

The death is announced, in his eighty-third year, of Captain W. D. Evans, well-known among chess-players as the inventor of the "Evans' Gambit."

The first number of a new Canadian magazine, to be called *The Maritime Monthly*, will shortly be issued at St. John, N.B. May it meet with all success.

Mr. Holman Hunt, who has been several years in Palestine painting his new picture, has returned to England lately, and has been visiting his old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the well-known Shakespearian commentators, are writing a new work in connection with the study of the great dramatist.

A piece is now being performed at the Opera Theatre, Rome, which excites the wildest agitation every night. It bears the terrific title of "The Mysteries of the Spanish Inquisition, with the Seventy-seven Thousand Victims of Torquemada."

There is considerable talk in New York of establishing a new progressive daily. Theodore Tilton is spoken of as its probable editor.

There is also a rumour that a new literary weekly is to be founded in New York, under the charge of Charlton T. Lewis, late managing editor of the *Post*.

James Anthony Froude, the celebrated English historian, has been engaged by the Young Men's Christian Association of New York to deliver a course of five lectures on "The Relations between England and Ireland." The course will be delivered in Association Hall, commencing October 17th.

Sasoumi Satoo, a young Japanese, son of the chief physician of the Mikado, arrived at Berlin in November, 1869, to study medicine; he did not know a word of German at the time, but he learnt it in five months and Latin in six. A few days ago he passed in a brilliant manner his third examination for a doctor's degree.

The original copy of Fénelon's *Telemachus*, specially prepared for Louis XIV., with twenty-four engravings, and the coloured drawings from which the engravings were made, has lately been purchased by Colonel Moore, late of the United States Legation in Paris, and will be sent to one of the great libraries of America.

An immense undertaking is being published in Germany—a literary biographical dictionary to the history of German national literature. There will be a list of the works of each author, and a statement of all the works that treat of this author in general, or of any one of his works in particular, and a report of all the translations of the author's works.

Mr. Wyld, the geographical publisher in the Strand, has just issued a map of the scene of the Autumn Manœuvres, printed on mackintosh and contained in a mackintosh case. The scale is three-quarters of an inch to the statute mile. The map can scarcely fail to be popular, since it is quite free from the defects of maps in general. It can be folded in any way without damage; it is very difficult to tear, and wet can do it no harm.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.'s announcements for the approaching season are unusually attractive. Stanley's account of his explorations in Africa, which is to be sold by subscription, will, no doubt, be read with interest, as will also Dr. Holland's new poem, "The Marble Prophecy." They also announce the first volume of Froude's "History of Ireland," Professor Blackie's "Four Phases of Morals," Prof. Conington's "Prose Translation of Virgil," and Mrs. Oliphant's new novel, "At His Gates," with a volume of Oriental and Linguistic Studies by Prof. Whitney.

VARIETIES.

A London journal publishes the following anagram: "David Livingstone: Go (D V) and visit Nile."

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."

Just after Sheridan had taken a new house, he met Lord Guildford, to whom he said, "Well, all will now go on like clock-work." "Aye," said his Lordship, "tick, tick."

A man in the upper part of Ralls county, Mo., undertook to ride a mule and carry a scythe one day last week, but found it a difficult feat. When the operation was over, his mule had "only three feet and a little stumpy tail."

A grave-digger walking in the streets of Windsor, the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed, and then followed on behind them. "And why this?" said they. "I know my place in this procession," said he.

The people of Lodore, Kan., have had considerable stock killed by the Missouri and Texas Railroad, for which the company refused to pay, and they now get even by soaping the track at night and watching the graceful revolutions of the driving wheels in an attempt at an up-grade march next day.

Jean Paul says that the new American lady colonel, Tennie Claffin, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain—"You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you."

At a house next door to where the Wesleyan Conference in this city has been sitting, the parrot, located in a quiet corner near the building, shadowed over by a branch of a tree, has at times given forth in the gravest manner possible, "Mr. President—Mis—ter President (with emphasis), I rise to order." Return him at once to Parliament.

The American parson's style of political agitation is thus exemplified:—A friend of the *Christian Register* writes a clergyman, that he has got so far into politics as to hurrah for Gr—, but doesn't know whether to end with "ant" or "eely." The clergyman (a Grant man) replies by referring him to Proverbs vi. 6—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!"

A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. —, of Edinburgh, has been under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her mistress's health, how she slept, &c., with strict injunctions to add, "With her compliments." At length the girl brought the following startling message:—"Miss S—'s compliments, and she de'd last night at aicht o'clock."

A Breton peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped at a barber shop in Rambouillet. While the barber was strapping his razor, the peasant noticed a dog sitting near his chair, and staring at him fiercely. "What is the matter with that dog?" The barber answered with an unconcerned air, "That dog is always there. You see when I cut off an ear—" "Well?" "Well, he eats it."

An Ostego county justice, a short time since, so far forgot the dignity of his office as to get drunk. When he became sober he arraigned himself before himself, reprimanded the "prisoner" severely for his disgraceful conduct, and compelled him to pay a fine of ten dollars or be imprisoned for thirty days. The "prisoner" paid his fine to the "justice," who in turn handed it to the poor-master.

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The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

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DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 12th Sept., 1872. 6-12c

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